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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

August 21, 1957

PRICE



New Serial: "WRITTEN ON WATER" by Vicki Baum

87% OF ALL ILLNESS ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH *

(most illness develops from germs absorbed through the oral cavity)

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are you?*

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Listerine gargled three times a day is a potent protection. Tests prove that Antiseptic Listerine reaches way back on the throat tissues to kill germs before they start their deadly work.

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* 87% OF ALL INFECTIONS INITIALLY ATTACK THE BODY ORALLY.

Medical science believes that nearly all illnesses start their dangerous work in the mouth. Among the many germs that enter the body in this way are:

- Hepatitis
- Pneumonia
- Poliomyelitis
- Influenza
- Scarlet Fever
- Common Cold

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 21, 1957

Vol. 25, No.

PEER'S ATTACK ON THE QUEEN

LORD ALTRINCHAM'S recent attack on the Queen raises an important point within the British Commonwealth—what criticism of the Queen is justifiable?

The attack was a double one. It was personal criticism of the Queen. And it was criticism of the Court.

The first was churlish, rude, and quite unpardonable, for the Queen, who cannot reply, should not be publicly criticised for weaknesses as a speechmaker.

But Lord Altrincham is on much stronger ground when he calls for a "truly classless and Commonwealth Court" to replace the Queen's "present entourage of people of the tweedy sort."

These days the Crown is not above criticism, and things like the composition of the Court, the Queen's administration, the education of the Royal children are all matters of public interest.

If Lord Altrincham honestly believes that the Court is narrow, horsey, intellectually at low ebb, and not in the best interests of the Commonwealth he is perfectly justified in saying so.

And by making his criticism he indirectly demonstrated the extraordinary strength and resilience of the Crown itself in the 20th century.

But Lord Altrincham should learn that by turning legitimate criticism of the Crown into personal abuse of the Sovereign he is behaving not as a constructive critic but as a bad-mannered school-boy.

Our cover

● England's Constance Spry has made herself an international reputation as an authority on flower arrangements. In this flower-piece she has used lilies, roses, oriental poppies, and peonies.

CONTENTS

FICTION

Music by Handel, Frank Sarao	19
Love and Uncle Henry, Sybil Burr	20, 21
Written on Water (Serial, Part 1), Vicki Baum	22, 23
Shopping Trip, Shirley Jackson	24

SPECIAL FEATURES

Irish Fashion Parade	4, 5
The Macarthurs of Camden	8, 11
Male Clothes Budgets	27

FASHION

Dress Sense, Betty Keep	36
Spring Suits	31
Fashion Frocks	47
Patterns	69

FILMS

Charles Boyer	49
Who Will Succeed Grace Kelly?	50, 51
Film Preview	52
Reviews	61

HOMEMAKING

Transfers	45
Gardening	57
Garden Paving	63
Cookery (color)	65
Crocheted Evening Blouse	66
Prize Recipes	68

REGULAR FEATURES

TV Parade, Nan Musgrove	12	These Are Australian	29
Social	15	Beauty	30
Here's Your Answer	16	Worth Reporting	33
Readers' Letters	18	Strange but True	33
Ross Campbell	18	Stars	41
It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	26	Sweet & Sour	46
		Mandrake	70
		Teena	71
		Crossword	71

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● It's a long, long time since schoolgirls used to hide Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel" in their lockers or under their pillows, but ever since then Miss Baum has been turning out best-sellers.

OUR new serial, "Written on Water," beginning in this issue, is the latest of her long line of novels.

Now 69 years old, Austrian-born Vicki Baum lives in California and has set "Written on Water" in Mexico.

"I think Austria, the country where I was born and raised, most beautiful," she told an interviewer recently, "and yet I could not live there any more than I could make my home on a sinking ship. I love my new home in California because of its sun, its friendliness, and its freedom."

Before you get too much absorbed in the present serial, remember your entry for the contest we announced last week: Tell us, in not more than 200 words, how YOU would have ended the last serial, "The Scapegoat."

The prize for the best entry is £20. Mark your envelope "Serial Ending" and address it to The Australian Women's

Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Closing date is Wednesday, August 28.

After years of hearing women criticised for their spending on clothes—"extravagant," "ridiculous," "what on earth did you buy that for?" being some of the milder male comments—it's a pleasure to read how men react to a man who spends more than £600 a year on his wardrobe (page 27).

We felt, indeed, quite smug as we noted men criticising one of their own sex in words they usually reserve for women's extravagant hats.

We received last week a letter from Gijou H. R. Khajuria, an Indian living at Tenedelti, in the Sudan.

Fourteen months ago we printed an earlier letter from Mr. Khajuria, asking for Christmas cards for children. He received hundreds and wrote a long letter to thank us.

Mr. Khajuria likes our paper. In fact he would like

it printed in the Hindi and Gujarati languages so that it could circulate in India. "With 70,000,000 population guess, if printed in above languages, how many subscribers you can pick up from India alone?" he asks.

Mr. Khajuria, however, makes a "constructive suggestion," that the A.W.W. "must be a bit shorter and not so broad as it is." (Here, we realise, he is discussing the dimensions of the paper and not its tone.)

Which reminds us, India cropped up in the conversation when staff writer Nan Musgrove met the mannequin now attracting capacity audiences in our Irish Fashion Parades in Sydney. Maureen Boylan told Nan of a meeting with Dame Sybil Thorndike. "You'll love Australia," Dame Sybil said to Maureen. "They have the most wonderful audiences. In fact there is only one other country that provides more subtle audiences and that's India."

Moses, sparrow in a million



● Not every sparrow flies the Pacific in a luxury aircraft; seldom does one small bird have two fond foster-mothers.

THIS sparrow in a million is Moses, whose good-luck story began when Delores and Andy Albin, American adagio dancers with the Olympic Follies, found a blind, featherless baby bird one wet morning in Melbourne's Fitzroy Gardens.

Delores took the bird home, warmed it, fed it on baby food and cod-liver oil.

The sparrow responded to her care, and followed his foster-parents everywhere; went with them in a little wicker basket to the theatre for their performances, and to Sydney's Pickwick Club, where he was made a life member.

Then came the time for the Albins to return to the United States. Sadly they sailed on the Mariposa — without Moses. Quarantine restrictions prevented his entry to the United States.

But they had found another foster-mother for him in Mrs. Elyse Mansfield, wife of retired U.S. Colonel Robert Mansfield, of Potts Point, N.S.W., and in the United States they began a long struggle for permission for Moses to join them.

Finally they were successful. Moses was granted an export licence on condition that he was accompanied by a traveller. The Albins offered to pay Mrs. Mansfield's air fare, and Moses, his wings clipped, hopped into his basket for his long flight to his new Los Angeles home.

LUXURY LIFE. Perched on his basket, Moses is offered a birdseed snack at a Sydney club, where he was made a life member during the Sydney season of American adagio dancers Delores and Andy Albin.



RADIO FAN. As well as being a keen listener, Moses' chirp was heard in radio broadcasts. Music—the louder the better—formed his favorite programme. A versatile performer, he also appeared on television.



COCKTAIL HOUR. Visiting the Albins' friends, Moses liked to sip their pre-dinner drinks. His best-liked plaything was a small bell that tinkled as he moved it. He also enjoyed playing in a special sand tray.



SECOND foster-mother, Mrs. Elyse Mansfield, shows Moses, the sparrow, the air ticket that took the bird to Los Angeles. This picture is by staff photographer Robert Cleland; the others by Dr. Allen Keast, whom the American Embassy asked to identify Moses when considering the bird's entry to the U.S.A.



BATH-TIME. When Delores washed up after dinner, Moses would splash under the running tap, then be dried by hand, before going to sleep.



FEARLESS. Raised by the Albins from the time he opened his eyes, Moses had no fear in human company; knew nothing of the dangers of fire as he nestled up to a candlestick in the Albins' home.



PLAYFUL. Strong tug at Delores' eyebrow, perhaps to see if it is real, or if she is made up for her dancing appearance in the Olympic Follies.

GALA OPENS IRISH PARADES



"SERENITY," the exquisitely simple wedding gown worn, above, by Ireland's Maura Boylan, was made of white organza and hand-crocheted lace. The veil, in stiffened organza, was worn as a coif. BELOW: Phoebe Macarthur-Onslow in a green-embroidered white organza ball gown.



WORLD-FAMOUS Irish designer Sybil Connolly pauses in her commentary on our Irish Parades to admire Nola Rose in "Sugar and Spice," short blue evening dress and pink coat.



Audience at premiere acclaim Sybil Connolly Collection

There were scenes of unprecedented enthusiasm at the premiere of our Irish Fashion Parades at David Jones' Great Restaurant when famous Dublin designer Sybil Connolly presented her 1957 collection, especially created for Australia.

THE sophisticated audience applauded wildly as seven mannequins showed the fabulous collection of 60 creations valued at more than £10,000.

The mannequins were Nola Rose, described by Sybil Connolly as the best model in the world, Irish model Maura Boylan, Heather Jeffery, of London, Sweden's Margit Ohlson, Judy Barraclough, of Sydney, and Australia's two top teenage models, Phoebe Macarthur-Onslow and Margo McKendry.

The collection was composed of casual, day, and evening wear. It was a triumphant blend of the ancient traditional fabrics of Ireland — linens, laces, and flannels — and Australian fabrics into 1957's haute couture fashions.

Sybil Connolly, a serene picture in a satin evening gown of ice-blue worn with a fabulous chinchilla coat, compered the premiere, which benefited the Old People's Welfare Fund.

It was a splendid scene as the capacity audience packed into the Great Restaurant for the parades and the champagne supper that followed.

Sydney has never before seen such a parade — gowns, hats, and shoes worn by the models were all designed by Sybil Connolly. The shoes were notable — courts in finest suede with needle-line heels and the sharp-pointed toes beloved by the Edwardians.

Miss Connolly, who designed them, had them specially made in Italy by her own shoemaker.

The Australian girls in the parade had to provide pencil

with one of the models' names and attended by her individual dresser.

Ruth Dempsey, Miss Connolly's parade co-ordinator, and Heather Learmonth, of David Jones, made the final check for accessories and appearance after each split-second change.

Standing by was a hairdresser, who combed, brushed, and sprayed each model's hair to suit her toilette as the dressers made adjustments.

Phoebe Macarthur-Onslow, who has gleaming black shoulder-length hair, wore it in a number of different ways.

She wore crazy, little looped plaits with a red-and-white tea-towelling sunrock, a sophisticated upswept style with spectacular ribbon-threaded evening slacks and white lace top, and centre-parted and romantically flowing with a white organza ball gown.

The parade ended in a picturesque group. Maura Boylan, in the wedding gown, was in the centre with the six other girls round her.

As waves of applause swept across the restaurant, Miss Connolly impetuously left her comper's dais and went from girl to girl murmuring congratulations as attendants hur-

ried forward with bouquets of fresh spring flowers.

With the premiere over, there was great excitement in the dressing-room. The girls relaxed with glasses of champagne, Maura Boylan presented her dresser with the bouquet of fresh hyacinths she carried in the bridal ensemble, and all of them spoke of the reception they had received.

Margit, who has been modelling for three years in Rome, said, "It has never happened to me before — I enjoyed this show and I cannot say more." Nola Rose said, "What an audience, I would like to transport them all overseas — you could feel their enthusiasm on the catwalk."

And in the dressing-room, too, was the most Irish touch of all — the thick black woollen fringed shawls worn by the Connemara washerwomen.

Miss Connolly's models have them as comforters against the winter cold. The girls make quaint pictures as, wrapped in this garment as old as Ireland itself, they apply their modern make-up.

They didn't wear them for long the night of the premiere. They shed them for evening gowns and went off to dance with a group of Sydney's young men about town.

"They're very Irish," these Australian men," Maura Boylan said, "they're so gay and uninhibited — not at all English, as one might expect."

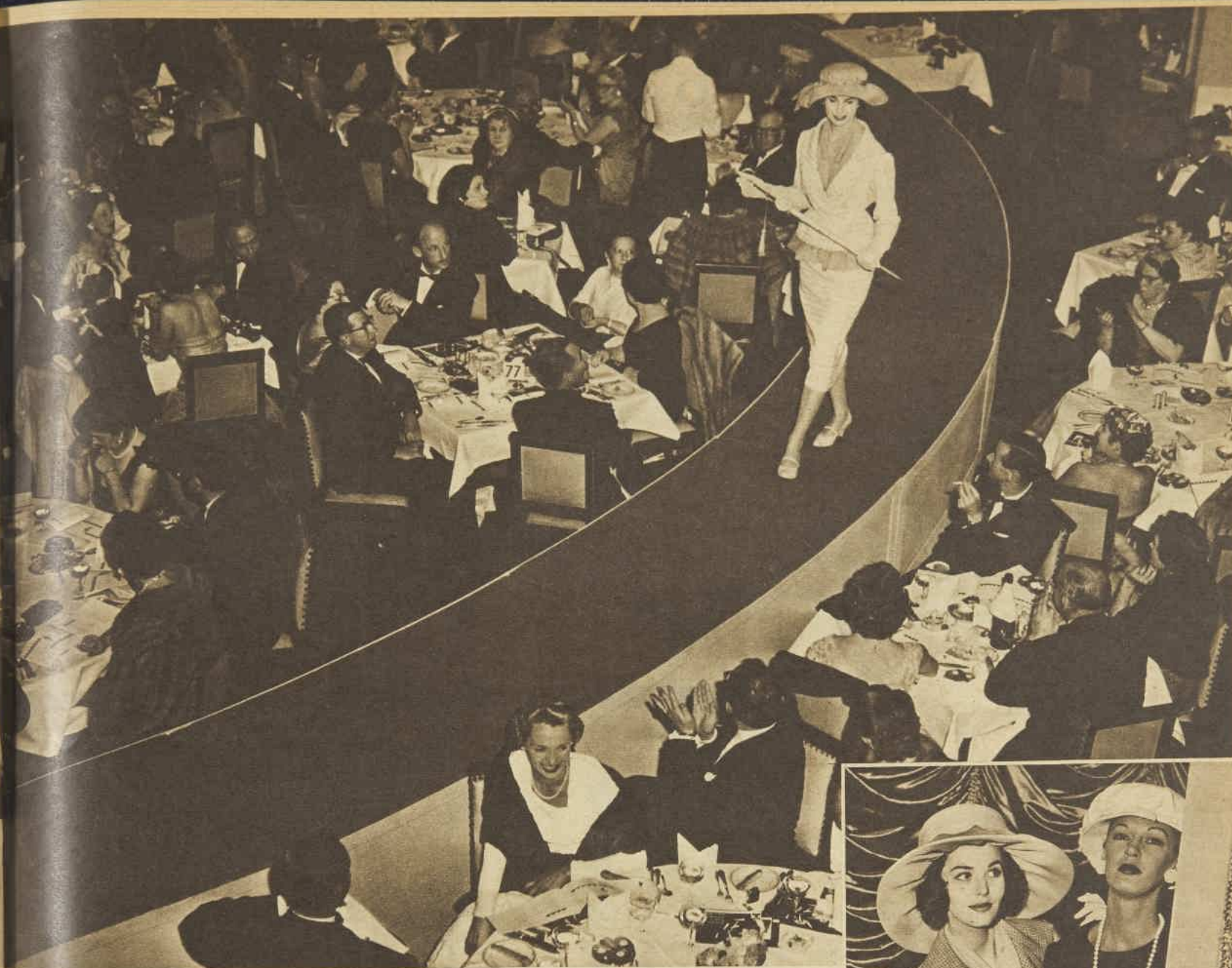
By
NAN MUSGROVE

tracings of their feet months beforehand.

The entrancing display on the circular catwalk that started with Nola Rose in a beach suit and finished with Maura Boylan in a wedding gown that hushed the audience with its beauty gave no evidence of the frenzied activity in the dressing-room.

A mirror more than 20 feet long, surrounded by glaring electric lights, backed the huge dressing-table that dominated one side of the room. Behind it was a clothes rack divided into seven sections.

Each section was labelled



BRILLIANTLY DRESSED AUDIENCE watches Maura Boylan as she shows "Pale Sand." At right: Margo McKendry, in big hat, Judy Barraclough, and Nola Rose (front) look round the dressing-room at the guests arriving.



THE BLOND BEAUTY of Margit Ohlson, of Sweden, was heightened by "Tango," a spectacular two-piece tweed suit in vivid Chinese-pink. The matching organza blouse tied in a huge pussy-cat bow with long ends at the neckline.



TRADITIONAL Irish bairn (cream undyed flannel) makes "White Monk," casual day dress inspired by a monk's habit. Heather Jeffery wore this dress with cinched waist and full flowing skirt. It suited her perfectly.



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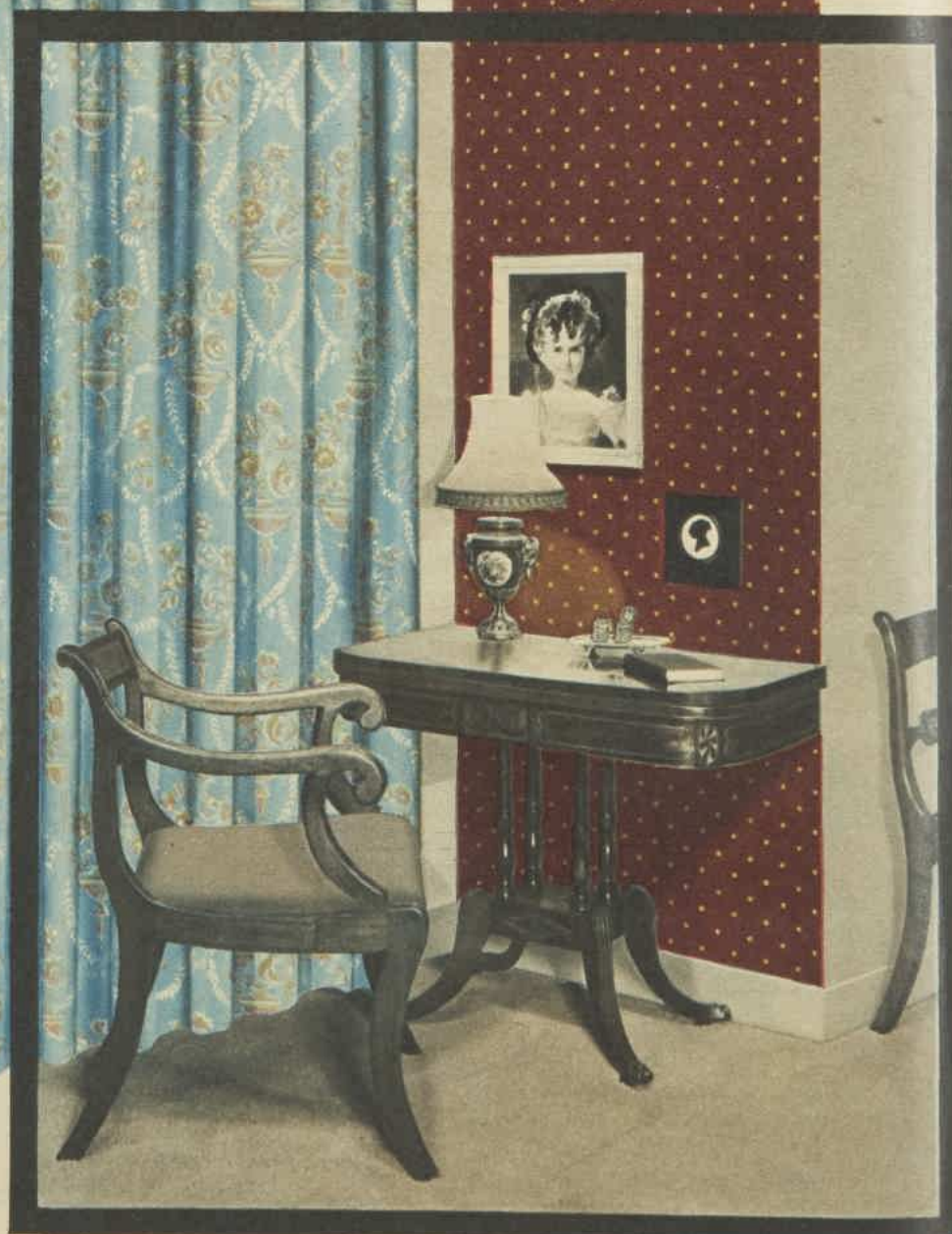
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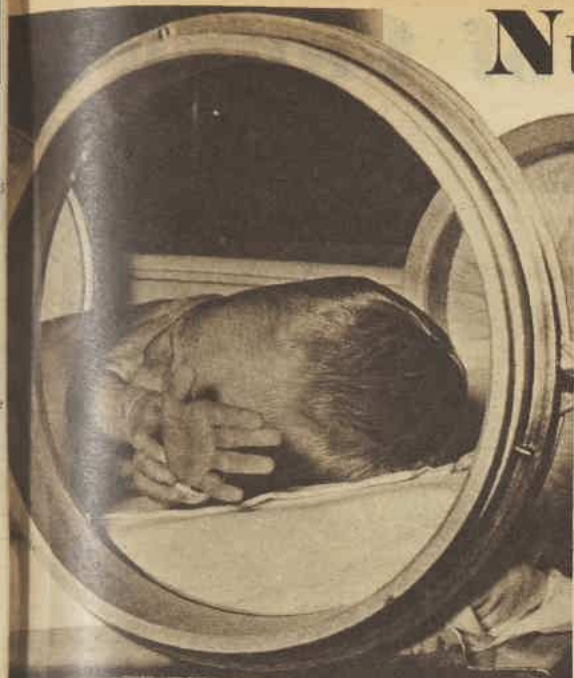


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Nurses dream of future for "the little ones"



ABOVE: Already ten weeks old, this tiny baby in an isolet in the premature ward at the Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne, weighed only 2½ lb. at birth. The hospital has 10 of these isolets, each of which cost £400, and more are needed.



RIGHT: Nurse Lorraine Barnett, a midwifery trainee, prepares to clear a breathing tube in the throat of a baby with paralysed vocal cords. The oxygen pump is also worked by hand for babies with paralysed lungs.



MINIATURE feeding bottle, only 2½ in. long, with a piece of fine rubber on the end of it, is used by Sister Irina Vasins, second in charge of the premature ward, to feed a baby too small to drink from an ordinary-size bottle.

Hospital doesn't count costs in saving premature babies

● "Will he grow up to be a judge, an engineer, a politician, a salesman, a boxer, an actor, a teacher, or perhaps a doctor who will save babies' lives?"

THIS is often the thought of the nurses, who add a full share of love and affection to their skilful care of premature babies in the Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne.

Each year 450 babies are nursed to normal in the special premature ward at the hospital; babies whose healthy survival sometimes seems almost a miracle, even in this scientific world.

Two examples:

● A baby with paralysis of the lungs who was too small for an iron lung. Every second for a month nurses took turns to hand-pump oxygen to keep him alive.

● A boy with paralysis of the vocal cords affecting his breathing. Doctors made an artificial opening in his throat, which allowed him to breathe but which mucus could easily block. Nurses kept a constant watch, ready in an instant to clear the opening by suction.

This baby was a long-term member of the premature nursery, and his parents had only a short while with him each day.

To make up for this the nurses cuddled and played with him, and as the weeks passed spoke to him as his mother would.

Once the ward had two babies, both four months premature, born in the same week.

"The safety-pins holding their napkins were as wide as they were," one nurse remembered.

These babies were given life-saving drugs and fed intravenously eight times a day, while nurses watched them day and night.

"I couldn't count the number of times we thought we had lost them, when we could feel only the faintest flicker of a heartbeat," said Sister Betty Gray, who was then in charge of the ward.

Specialised nursing is needed for premature babies.

The ward, which had 38 small inhabitants when I

visited it, has a staff of 23—the sister-in-charge (who has a triple certificate), her fully trained sister assistant, 13 midwifery trainees, who are trained general nurses, and eight trained mothercraft nurses.

One of the honorary doctors at the hospital said:

"Nurses who care for premature babies must understand well that a child is a fully dependent creature. Their wits must be sharpened to all that a baby might need. The child cannot ask for anything.

"They also must be able to attend to the baby's emotional

side, acting as a temporary mother."

But life in "prem" has its lighter side. Nurses enjoy finding nicknames for the babies.

"Some of them are fighters, some screamers, some placid, some smilers, some peaceful, and some real bouncers," a nurse said.

"We count everything in miniature," said Sister B. E. Murray, who is in charge of the ward. "Food, time, age, weight, length, and strength."

"We always think of the babies growing up to take their part in life, no matter how minute and weak they are at the beginning."

The Queen Victoria is the only Melbourne midwifery hospital to admit premature babies from other hospitals, and it is often busy with babies from as far as Swan Hill, Leongatha, and Albury.

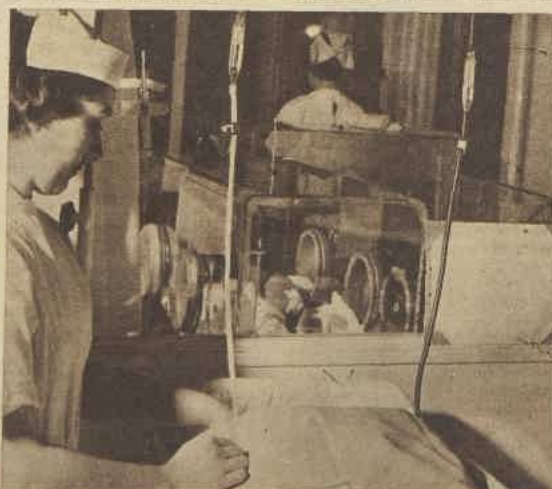
The doctors—all women—often begin blood transfusions for "outside" premature babies within minutes of their reaching the hospital.

In the past two years the Queen Victoria has given exchange blood transfusions to 114 RH-factor babies and in only three cases have the transfusions not been a complete success.

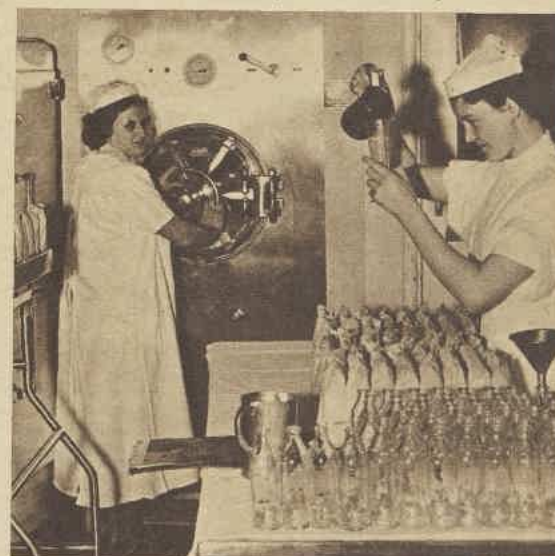
"This is an outstanding achievement that would set a standard for any hospital in the world," said Professor L. Townsend, Professor of Gynaecology and Obstetrics at Melbourne University.

The hospital considers money well spent on premature babies.

A hospital spokesman said: "Babies needing non-stop care



INSIDE the nursery, with Nurse Myra McLean checking on a small patient. Nurse McLean is another midwifery trainee.



24 hours a day average about £50 a week, and some might be here for eight months.

"Cost for ordinary premature babies is about £15 a week."

Premature babies even without a physical defect need almost constant watching and at first are usually fed through a tube every hour or two.

They graduate to three-hourly feedings before being put on to bottle-feeding.

Some babies are fed intravenously at first. Others are started on drops; some are given a miniature feeding-bottle about 2½ inches long.

In the mornings the kitchen beside the premature nursery is one of the busiest places in the Queen Victoria Hospital as nurses make up bottles to last their small patients for 24 hours.

Each baby is usually on a

NURSES Nola Heyward, of Preston (left), and Norma Broad, of Kerang, with dozens of bottles in the premature ward kitchen. Nurse Broad measures a mixture to put into a bottle; Nurse Heyward closes the steriliser after removing a tray of bottles from it.

special diet, making 38 mixtures to be prepared.

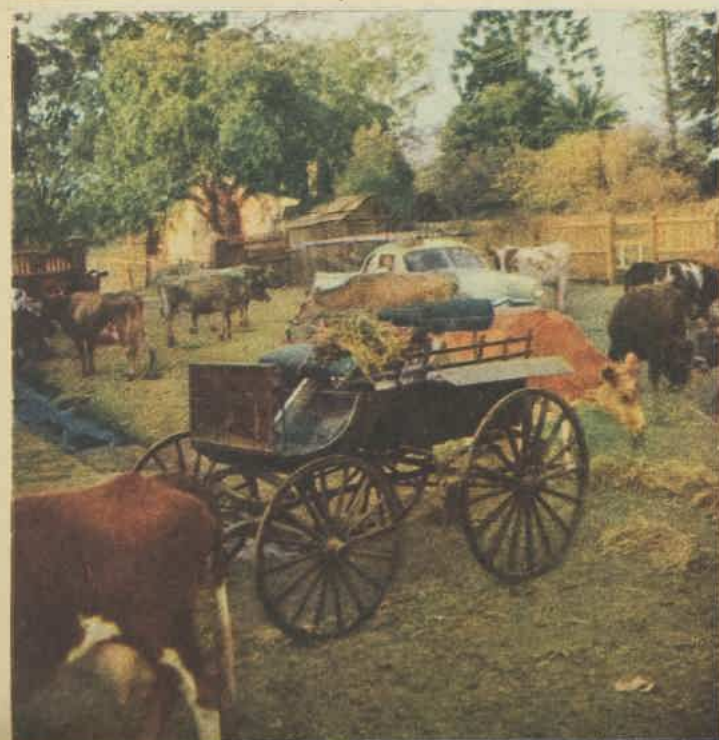
Each bottle is labelled with the baby's name and the time it should be given.

In a laboratory adjoining the nursery another type of food is prepared, the food injected into the tissue of babies too small to eat through their mouths.

If the nurses miss the babies when they are discharged, they are happy that the work they have done has helped each child to the future they have thought of for them . . . a judge, an engineer, a politician.

Four-page
feature:

The Macarthurs of Camden



CAMDEN PARK is history as these pictures show. Above is Home Farm, where it all began. John MacArthur's cottage, built in 1822, is in the background. Inset, top, is his tomb, with the historic bell which called men in from the fields on the right. The dray is more than a century old; the horse is a direct descendant of early Suffolk Punches used on the estate. Angus MacDonald, 30 years out from Scotland, is beside the dray, with passenger Dianne Smith, who lives in the MacArthur cottage. At right is Camden Park House, the beautiful colonial mansion completed in 1837. In the picture is Annette MacArthur-Onslow, sixth-generation Australian. At left is an old family buggy outside the coach-house, now a dairy.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S
WEEKLY — August 21, 1957
Page 8



... past and present

Recent reports of coming land sales at Camden Park have given the impression that the historic Macarthur estate in New South Wales is to be broken up. This is not true.

Only 10 per cent. of the famous acres are to be sold, as this article on the Macarthurs of Camden shows.

YOU go south from Sydney in the steps of explorer Hume to a peaceful country of soft valleys and low rounded hills around Camden.

Here, among slopes hung with ironbark and kurrajong, and among grassland bleached and dusted by a year's drought until recent rains, is Camden Park, seat of the Macarthur family for nearly 150 years and genesis of some of our most important history.

If the Macarthurs and their descendants, the Macarthur-Onslows, have a family theme, it's without doubt their remarkable women and the dominance of those women. If there is a family habit, it's the habit of forming groups of two, when the family meets, and striding up and down.

And if the family has a tradition it's a collection of four things—pride, to live simply, to serve their country, to be good citizens.

But how and where did this bumpup dynasty, which spans Australia's history of white settlement, begin?

The most convenient date is 1746, when the clans died for Prince Charles Edward Stuart on the battlefield of Culloden Moor.

John Macarthur, of Strachur, and his seven sons fought in that battle, and only one son, Alexander, survived to take refuge in the West Indies.

Much later he settled in Devon, where, in 1767, his son John (of Australia) was born.

John joined the Army as an ensign, married Elizabeth Veale, a Devon girl, in 1788, joined the New South Wales Corps in 1789, and reached Sydney in the Second Fleet in June, 1790—167 years ago.

John would have been called a hustler today, because, by November, 1793, he had built and occupied Elizabeth Farm at Parramatta—the farmhouse is the oldest existing house in Australia—and by September, 1795, he owned 1000 sheep, which wasn't bad for a penniless soldier.

Although every schoolboy knows that John Macarthur was the first to import merino sheep, historians agree that this is not true. His first sheep were Bengal ewes from India and a few Irish sheep.

Then, in 1797, Captain Waterhouse brought in the first Spanish merinos from Cape Colony, and Macarthur was only one of a number of men who bought breeding

stock from this small flock. Later, however, he bought more merinos from King George III's flock at Kew.

But without doubt it was Macarthur's vision and business energy which helped establish the wool industry.

Coupled with his vision and business sense, John Macarthur was a hard worker, a man of taste, and a devoted husband and father. He also was fiery, arrogant, ruthless, and unscrupulous.

Almost from the moment he reached Sydney he was in trouble with authority or undermining his friends or scheming against his many enemies. He had already fought one duel in England, and was to fight and nearly kill Colonel Paterson in Sydney in 1801.

This duel started his two long periods of exile—the first, 1801-1805, when Governor King sent him to England under arrest; the second, 1809-1817, after his clash

with Governor Bligh, his trial for sedition, and the Rum Rebellion, in which he was the leading spirit, when the N.S.W. Corps, which included some of the finest scallywags ever to come to Australia, deposed Bligh of the Bounty.

But before this, when Macarthur returned from his first exile in Trafalgar year, 1805, Camden Park was founded, though not before a small slice of history had helped influence the foundation.

When the First Fleet reached Sydney on January 26, 1788, it carried seven somewhat restless "New Australians"—five cows and two bulls from Cape Colony. All but one cow soon escaped and wandered south 40 miles.

Within 15 years those animals had become an officially protected wild herd of nearly 3000, and the land they had claimed, which no white man could enter without the Governor's permit, had long been known as the Cowpastures.

It was in this area, on country the aborigines knew as Benhennie, the "dry land," that John Macarthur got his first grant of 5000 acres and called his estate after Lord Camden, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

However, he had little to do with Camden Park for many years, and did not live there until a minor Sydney architect, John Kitchen, had built the little wooden and still existing farmhouse at what is known as Home Farm in 1822.

Continued overleaf



LEFT: Edward Macarthur-Onslow, managing director of Camden Park Estates Pty. Ltd., with assistant "general manager" J. O. E.

ABOVE: Two of Edward's daughters, Pamela (left) and Phoebe, with a direct descendant of John Macarthur's original flock.



MODERN SHOWPIECE at Camden Park is the £65,000 Rotolactor (shown from the air), which draws hundreds of tourists every week. The Rotolactor, which members of the Macarthur-Onslow family call "La Ronde au Lait," is 80 feet in diameter, and is made of glass, stainless steel, and aluminium. This giant automatic milking machine, designed to milk 2500 cows twice daily, is near the little township of Menangle, on the estate.



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IF IT'S FAULDING'S . . . IT'S PURE

Continuing . . . "The Macarthurs of Camden"



CAMDEN PARK HOUSE from the air, showing the lovely setting and long lines of the home, the property of Lady Stanham. The house has about 15 bedrooms, but much of it is closed, including the immense kitchens and laundry.

The Macarthur women —personalities all

[From previous page]

● Elizabeth Macarthur was the driving force behind the Macarthur fortunes, particularly at Elizabeth Farm, Parramatta. Although John has stolen the historical spotlight, she really established the wool industry during those early and vital years when he was in exile.

James Macarthur, born 1798, married Emily Stone, of Stones Bank, Lombard Street, London, and had one child, Elizabeth, born 1840.

Elizabeth, the only child to carry the Macarthur name, was, like her Granny, another fine and dominant woman. But more of her later.

James' brother William, born 1800, died Sir William 82 years later, was a bachelor who devoted his life to his brother, farming, science, and promoting Australia's products. He was probably the most outstanding of John Macarthur's descendants.

He was New South Wales Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition of 1855, was the first to catalogue Australian timbers. His collection of small, polished movable blocks, which you can pick off a hallway wall at Camden Park and check the serial numbers on their backs with a great tome he wrote, is probably the most unusual panelling in Australia.

Flock of 400

The family fortunes were based on sheep and wool, first at Elizabeth Farm and then at Camden Park until the 1870s. But although the Macarthur estate then ceased to be a sheep station, you can still see its flock of 400 direct descendants of John's merinos.

James and William Macarthur early introduced wheat and were producing 40,000 bushels a year by the late 1840s, but rust had killed wheat at Camden by the 1860s, and, with sheep on the way out, dairying took over.

Who was responsible for establishing the dairying industry at Camden Park? A Macarthur woman, of course, the second Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Macarthur owned and managed Camden Park

from William's death in 1882 until her own death in 1911.

Although she married Captain Arthur Onslow, R.N., there was never any doubt who was in command on the quarter-deck of Camden Park. She was the grande dame, the lady of the manor. Camden in those days was still very much a 19th-century estate of master and retainer.

She even had little aboriginal boys, dressed in sailor suits, to run her messages.

And when Captain and Mrs. Onslow and their six children set out in the family carriages, complete with footmen, to call on the Antills two horse-hours away at Picton, they formed a 19th-century cavalcade almost unequalled among the stately homes of England.

Captain Onslow died in 1882 and five years later Elizabeth took her family to England, where she made such a close study of the latest dairying methods that she was able to establish the industry at Camden on her return.

She did this so efficiently that by the time of the depression and bank crashes of the 1890s Camden Park's model dairies were serviced by 12 co-operative farms and 40 leased farms.

Elizabeth's next and major changes were to convert her estate in 1899 into a company with her children as shareholders and to prefix her name of Macarthur to her married name of Onslow for herself and her descendants. Thus the family name officially became Macarthur-Onslow.

Elizabeth had a clutch of sons, including two generals, commonly linked in the family as General Jim and General George.

Some family doggerel runs: General Jim and General George Were walking hand in hand,

They moaned like anything and said, "This is a bloody land."

Perhaps they moaned because their mother left Camden Park House to their only living sister, Sibella, who never married and who died in 1943.

Sibella was another formidable Macarthur woman and a highly intelligent one. While two of her brothers, General George and Arthur, ran the estate, she devoted her life to the family, charity, missionary work, and published a collection of family letters, "Some Early Records of the Macarthurs of Camden."

Garden expert

The present owner of Camden Park House is, in the family tradition, another woman. She is Helen, Lady Stanham, the daughter of General Jim. She lives there with her husband, Major-General Sir Reginald Stanham, who was Paymaster-in-Chief at the War Office in London from 1943 to 1948.

Lady Stanham is an expert on gardening, especially camellias. "Sir Reggie" and Lady Stanham's only son, Quentin, lives with them—in the new wing built 50 years after the original house—and his three children, Mark, Anne, and Clare, are seventh-generation Australians with John Macarthur's blood.

Lady Stanham, her son, and grandchildren are the only "Macarthurs" to live on Camden Park estate today, but a cousin, Edward Macarthur-Onslow, spends most of his time there. He is managing director of Camden Park Estates Pty. Ltd., the family company which runs the show.

Edward, like his cousin Major-General Denzil Macarthur-Onslow, had a fine World War II record in the Middle East and New Guinea.

With his charming wife and three lovely daughters, he lives at 145-year-old Hassall Cottage, built originally as a farmhouse by the Hassall family, just outside Camden.

The cottage, which Governor Lachlan Macquarie visited and watched a corroboree in the grounds, was falling to pieces and was used as a cow barn when Edward and his wife restored it.



STABLES at Home Farm, Camden Park, were built not long after John Macarthur went to live on his estate in 1822. The stables form one side of a big square, and help make the farmyard one of the most picturesque in Australia. Home Farm is not much used now.

Edward's three daughters—once again in the family tradition—are personalities in their own right. Annette, who recently received her diploma from the National Art School, Sydney, is an illustrator and expert with puppets. Pamela is a secretary. Phoebe, as everyone knows, is a model with film-star ambitions.

When Camden Park was at its peak size about a century ago, it covered an enormous area, nearly 80 square miles, of the Cowpastures, but gradually it has shrunk to the 9346 acres of today.

Macarthur land once included all one side of Camden town up to the Hume Highway, which cuts through the town. The reason all hotels are on the other side of the highway is that the Macarthurs would not have pubs on their land.

But Macarthurs practically built historic St. John's Church and Macarthur bells with Macarthur names on them still call Sundays from under the high spire.

Main reasons

Today's total of 9346 acres includes 1000 acres around Camden Park House, which are the private property, with the house, of Lady Stanham, and are not part of the family land which Edward Macarthur-Onslow looks after as head of Camden Park Estates.

The last sale of 1000 acres of Camden Park Estates land was in 1927, and now a majority of family shareholders have decided to subdivide and sell another 1000 acres.

This land, worth about £100,000, is on the eastern boundary of the estate. Its sale will dent but not break up the estate or touch any of its particularly historic spots.

There are two main reasons for this land sale: Some members of the family want their money out of the estate, and the big increase in recent years in the running costs of the estate, which includes one of the world's biggest dairies.

Camden Park, which has a polo ground, cricket ground (Quentin Stanham played for Essex), even an inn, includes much of the township of

Menangle, where the family operates a store, bakery, and butchery, and where it built St. James' Church.

But the most dramatic installation on the estate is the Rotolactor, a huge, circular, automatic milking-machine, which the family calls "La Ronde au Lait."

The Rotolactor, one of two in the world, cost £65,000 when it began operating in 1952.

It is 80 feet in diameter, is made of glass, stainless steel, and aluminium, has 50 automatically operated bails, and is designed to milk 2500 cows twice daily.

High costs

"La Ronde au Lait" could pour 5000 gallons of milk a day into Sydney, but at present it is working only at half capacity, and there are reasons why.

Camden Park's operating costs are high. The estate has 60 hands on its payroll who look after the Rotolactor, pastures, and the big herds. (Camden cows are all artificially inseminated.) This huge dairy works seven days a week, and that means much overtime.

Floods, too, in the past seven years wiped out hundreds of acres of lucerne, and the com-

pany has spent £20,000 to restore it.

Camden Park Estates office was originally at Camden Park House, but later it was moved to John Macarthur's original cottage at Home Farm, and now it is beside the Rotolactor in what was originally the family butter factory.

Camden butter had linked laurel wreaths as its trade mark, which must have made the dignitaries of the College of Heralds shudder at such brash colonialism.

The laurel is the Macarthur crest. You can see it above the red Macarthur arms, and the motto, "By Faith and Service," on No. 1 Lodge beside the Hume Highway. The Onslow arms, with raven crest and the motto "Hasten Slowly," are in green on No. 2 Lodge, near Menangle.

Camden Park is history, but its most historic spot is not the great house with its family portraits, library, lovely furniture and china, not the acres of barbered gardens with their glimpses of blue mountains through English trees, not the old coachhouse which Quentin Stanham has turned into his own dairy (Stanham cows don't go through the Rotolactor), or the original and now crumbling dairy further down the hill.



CRAFTSMEN made this lovely dovecot for John Macarthur. It is close to his cottage and the still-growing oak he planted. The little girl in the picture is Dianne Smith, who lives with her parents in the cottage. Pictures on these pages are by Douglass Baglin.

It's not the lakelike lagoon full of wildfowl and known as "The Spectacle," or John's tomb, or even the ancient 60-acre orchard down near the right-angle bend of the Nepean River which produces 9000 cases a year of apples and pears, peaches and plums and cherries, and where magnolias and cork-trees grow.

The estate's most historic spot is Home Farm, above another bend of the river, for there it all began—in a tiny cottage, lonely at first, and then comforted by long farm buildings and stables around a square with trees in the centre and a bell.

Home Farm once was the busiest place at Camden Park, but it isn't used much since the Rotolactor started. Its old gabled stables need paint and repair, and behind them are heaps of rubbish and old farm machinery. There are no ghosts at Home Farm except the ghosts of decay.

John Macarthur's 135-year-old cottage is just as it was except for a verandah added many years back, although the interior has been altered a lot.

Beside the cottage is an oak John planted, and a few yards away, behind a post-and-rail fence, are dovecots, almost as old as the oak, on tall poles. The dovecots need repair.

Many stories

John was buried from this cottage, and years later an estate clerk stabbed and killed another employee just outside, then went inside and cut his throat in front of his wife.

Now Ken Smith, a tractor driver, and his wife and child live there. They didn't even know it was one of Australia's most famous buildings until they'd been in the place for several weeks.

The bell has a history, too.

It was tolled to call convicts and free men in from the fields, and near it they drank their daily glass of free Macarthur wine. Below it farmer Arthur Channell died when he pulled on the rope and the bell broke free and fell on his head.

You hear these stories and many more from Herb English, 72, and last of the old craftsmen retainers, who was born on Camden Park, whose memory, through his father, goes back a century, and whose recollections are being tape-recorded by Annette Macarthur-Onslow, historically minded sixth-generation member of the family.

Stories like "Bob's Pudding," when German Bob took all day to cook his Christmas pudding and then found he'd used plaster-of-paris instead of flour. "That puddin'" was around Home Farm for thirty years after as a doorstep," Herb says.

Stories like "Neddy the Donkey," when Old Dan roared at the Onslow kids for teasing the "Oly Animal," and how Old Dan used the worst language ever heard on Camden Park when Neddy kicked him into the horse-trough.

But blue-eyed Herb is at his best when he kills the rumor that John Macarthur was buried standing up.

"Er Ladyship (the second Elizabeth), and a wonderful woman, brought a bloke up from Sydney to fix the family vault that was crumblin' a bit.

"When he got inside, he found the coffins that were on a low shelf all round had decomposed and the bones were all over the floor. So what's he do? He picks 'em up, puts 'em into new caskets, and seals the vault that's not to be opened any more.

"Me Daddy told me once the bloke got the bones a bit mixed, but they're all there—up on the hill."



LAUNDRESSES at Camden Park House once ironed on this cedar table, now the property of Edward Macarthur-Onslow, who lives at Hassall Cottage, just outside Camden Town.



CELLARS at Camden Park House still contain these remnants of wine made on the estate many years ago. French and German vines were started at Camden in the 1820s.

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Marilyn still hopes for a baby

An unrehearsed real-life drama filled with Hollywood's own favorite clichés ended the popular guessing-game: Was film star Marilyn Monroe really pregnant?

SHE was. But ten hours after this long-awaited news broke, an emergency operation robbed the childless, thrice-wed, 31-year-old actress of the baby she "had wanted so much."

The opening scenes showed Marilyn gambolling happily with her 42-year-old playwright husband, Arthur Miller, in the sunshine at a rented house on Long Island.

They were on a kind of second honeymoon.

Since their much-publicised double-ceremony marriage last year on June 29 and July 1, life for the couple had been mostly grim and earnest.

The publicity had brought upon the groom the unwelcome attentions of the House of Representatives' Un-American Activities Committee. Marilyn had made "The Prince and the Showgirl" in England with Sir Laurence Olivier, she had had a miscarriage there, her husband had been found guilty of contempt of Congress...

Now they were trying to get away from it all, forgetting their cares at the seaside, jeep-

ing over the sand dunes, sunbathing, digging for clams.

And they were hoping, and making no secret of it, that they would one day be able to confirm the recurrent rumors that Marilyn was, as American gossip-writers put it, "infanticipating."

The Millers' summer idyll went on... until August 1, when Marilyn made a dram-

**From LARRY FOLEY,
of our New York staff**

atic 160-mile, two-hour dash to Doctors' Hospital in New York by ambulance, with her husband and a gynaecologist sitting in the back with her.

"It's a threatened miscarriage," Miller told reporters. Miller, unshaven, nervous, distraught, carried a large suitcase and a bag into the hospital, then ran back to help wheel Marilyn on a stretcher into the hospital.

Marilyn, in great pain (as doctors revealed later), was conscious but remained silent.

Her famous figure was hidden by a sheet. Only her tousled blond head, the shoulders



FILM STAR Marilyn Monroe and playwright husband, Arthur Miller, before Marilyn was rushed to hospital and lost her baby. Miller has two children by a previous marriage.

of her blue pyjamas, and her feet, bare and suntanned, were visible.

Waiting for the lift, Miller leaned over the stretcher, put his arm around his wife's waist, and whispered to her.

He smoothed her forehead and patted her encouragingly on the shoulder.

In Miller's every gesture, in every worried line, were love and concern.

(Recently a friend, noting the Millers' obvious happiness, asked Marilyn, teasingly, whether she was fond of her husband.

"Am I fond of him?" exclaimed Marilyn. "I've never been so happy. Arthur is my life. I'm mad about him.")

A few hours later, at 10 p.m., Marilyn, still in pain, was wheeled into the operating theatre. Miller paced the corridor.

The operation, by two gynaecologists, took an hour. Marilyn was given a blood transfusion.

The doctors refused to say what the complications were, but one said they had operated "to protect the life of the mother." The baby, he said, was "unsavable."

He said Marilyn had been "five or six weeks pregnant and had expected her baby in March."

He added, "She certainly can have more children, and she's very anxious to have more children."

TELEVISION PARADE

● The £1000 Mystery Mime competition which started last week on Channel 9, TCN, seems to prove that television entertainment, plus a chance for home viewers to make money, is a hard-to-beat combination.

WITH the competition only four days old, the response has been terrific.

The competition is part of the popular panel show "What's My Line," telecast at 8 p.m. on Sundays. During the show an occupation is mimed (done in actions). Imagine, for instance, a mime of a stenographer or a brick-layer.

Viewers may send in their answers to the mime, one per envelope, and the prize is £1000 worth of gifts. The gifts include a TV set, a washing-machine, jewellery, power tools — the lot.

With their entries viewers have to include a slogan by completing the line "I like 'What's My Line?' because..."

The slogan is necessary because the Chief Secretary's Department doesn't consider guessing a mime to be a game of skill, and the slogan puts the skill into the contest, making it legal.

Don't miss seeing the mime next Sunday night at 8 on Channel 9, TCN, and get your entry away smartly. Remem-

ber, you've got to be in it to win it.

EVERY day from Monday to Friday "Here Comes the Bride" swells over the New York air and a bride and groom marry in NBV's special TV chapel, watched by 9,000,000 network televiewers.

Viewers love it, and so do the bride and groom.

Not only is the ceremony (fully choral) conducted before the eyes of viewers, but all the guests are present on TV, the reception is given on TV (with champagne for all), and the bride and groom leave clutching in their hands air-flight tickets to Paris, where (at the network's expense) they will spend a two-week honeymoon.

Packed and sent to their new home to welcome them back are many rich gifts from sponsors. These include their silver, with six of everything, a television set, perfume, a dinner service, a cocktail cabinet, a carpet, a lawnmower, a polaroid camera, and a refrigerator.

The interesting thing about all this is that three years ago the network abandoned the

programme because young Americans wouldn't be in it. They were very touchy about their privacy and refused right and left such weddings.

This time the programme is set for months ahead with couples anxious to have the full TV treatment.

The reason? Participation in big "giveaway" shows has become socially acceptable, and prizes are bigger and better than ever.

I FIND that the knights of the Middle Ages who joined Richard the Lion Heart in his Crusades did not all possess the virtues attributed to them in my school books.

One of these knights, named Sir Hubert de Vere, came right out on Channel 9, TCN, recently and said he had joined King Richard to improve his chances of meeting and marrying a nobleman's daughter.

Naturally, Sir Hubert came to a bad end, but not before he almost led Maid Marian to the altar.

Incidentally, the verb "to marry" has some interesting forms on TV.

Generally, in "Robin Hood" (Channel 9, TCN, 7.30 Sun-

By
NAN MUSGROVE

days) and "Sir Lancelot" (Channel 7, ATN, 7.00 Saturdays), they wed or lead to the altar. But in the Western shows, where men are men and always refer respectfully to their fiancées as "Miss Jessie," they don't marry, they "go into double-hitch" or "find themselves a trail mate."

MISS DOROTHY TAYLOR, of Fitzroy Street, Kirribilli, N.S.W., has written to me about the A.B.C.'s secret-formula TV Goo. Her letter may well speak for itself. Here it is:

"As a member of the audience at Richard Lewis' televised concert at Sydney Town Hall I was interested to read in TV Parade (7/8/57) how the grand piano at that concert had been smeared with some special goo so it would televise without glare.

"This explains the shocking state of the beautiful piano, but not the state of the front of the extended stage. It was heavily scratched, battered, and covered with dust.

"As for the piano: Is it necessary to spoil its appearance to the audience in the Town Hall every time it is to be seen in a telecast?

"I can remember seeing, when a little girl, my grandmother's piano draped with an embroidered shawl. This old fashion of covering the piano with a handsome piece of silk or brocade might well be revived for telecasts and would undoubtedly look better than smears of goo."

Ribands—blue ribbon pacer

White stable awaits horse who won £42,000 in prizes

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● Living up to his name by winning one blue riband event after another, Australia's champion pacer Ribands has come to the end of his racing days.

DURING his career he has won more than £42,000, set new records, and been cheered from Sydney to Hollywood, where glamorous film star Kim Novak rewarded him with a pat for his final victory at "The Track of the Lakes and Flowers."

When the N.S.W. Trotting Club holds the opening meeting of the season at Harold Park Raceway on August 17, Ribands will be in the limelight for the last time.

In an exhibition circuit of the track, he will parade before crowded stands, where trotting enthusiasts, including his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelloway, will applaud him as he deserves.

For Ribands, who has covered 60,000 miles by hoof, float, ship, and plane in the past six years, is retiring to stud at "Stranraer Lodge," the Kelloways' property on the banks of the Lachlan River near Cowra.

A freshly painted white stable with red gates awaits him, his new yard is ready, and he'll rarely hear the name Ribands, because Mrs. Kelloway has always called him "Jimmy."

Foaled in 1948, son of Lawn Derby from Marie Walla, the

pacer was a two-year-old when the Kelloways bought him at Cowra, where he was noticed by Mr. Percy Hall, who appropriately will drive him on the exhibition circuit at Harold Park.

"He had quality, was a natural pacer, and looked a good horse," said Mr. Hall, a trainer-driver, who later with Ribands took the red, white, and blue Kelloways' colors to victory 26 times.

Victory habit

Mr. and Mrs. Kelloway agreed.

"I've bought a winner," said Mr. Kelloway to a friend, Mr. Bill O'Grady, of Lane Cove, "and I'll let you name him."

"Let's see," said Mr. O'Grady. "The Derby's a blue-riband event. How about calling him Ribands?"

The decision made, bay stallion Ribands, in height 15.1 hands, began his career.

After his first win, in 1951, he caught the victory habit. Untemperamental, slow to start, but a brilliant finisher, Ribands flashed around the tracks to set records that still stand.

By covering 13 furlongs in New Zealand (1954), and setting a mile rate of 2 minutes 4.2 seconds, Ribands became the only Australian pacer to hold a world race record.

In the same year he set, and still holds, the record for the Harold Park Flying mile—one minute 58.7 seconds.

That sealed his fame. Trotting authorities say that a pacer who breaks a two-minute mile is equivalent to a Landy



or an Ibbotson cracking the four-minute barrier.

Only three horses in Australian trotting history have done so. They are Ribands, his father, Lawn Derby, and half-brother Avian Derby.

Grass, loam, sand, or mud tracks were all the same to Ribands.

Trotting enthusiasts talked of the six months from September, 1952, to March, 1953, when he had 11 wins, 2 seconds, and a third in 14 starts.

They mentioned his staggering victory in the A. G. Hunter Cup at Melbourne in 1953, but they weren't the only ones who were talking.

Thanks mainly to Ribands,

night trotting was booming, and even people who had never set foot in a grandstand knew Ribands' name.

Ribands hit the headlines once more when Mr. and Mrs. Kelloway decided to race him in the United States, where pacers, instead of racing from a standstill as here, get away to a flying start.

First he was to travel to the United States by passenger airline. When that was not possible he left by air, but travelled via Singapore to London.

The aircraft made a forced landing on an island in the Persian Gulf—a landing that left the crew and Ribands shaken but unharmed.

TODAY: Away from the racetrack, champion pacer Ribands is petted by his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelloway. This picture, taken at Hollywood Park during Ribands' American tour, sets a pattern for his retirement days at the Kelloways' stud near Cowra.

With no ramp from aircraft to ground, it seemed as though Ribands would be boxed up in a temperature well over 106 degrees.

Sandbags and timber however, were hastily assembled to make an improvised ramp down which Ribands was led. He cooled off in the waters of the Persian Gulf, and, none the worse, was soon on the way to the United States.

At Hollywood Park Raceway, alias "The Track of the Lakes and Flowers," Ribands finished his tour of the States,

and ended his racing career with a win.

The track circles a lake where white and black swans swim and tall trees and massed flowers add color. The day Ribands raced the stands were filled with onlookers, including stars Doris Day and Kim Novak, who backed Ribands to win.

After the race Mrs. Kelloway gave her pet his usual reward—a bunch of carrots.

"Win, lose, or draw, he's never missed out on those," said Mrs. Kelloway, who will have more carrots for Ribands after his exhibition at Harold Park.

Only a few weeks ago, when Ribands returned to Australia by ship, Mrs. Kelloway went aboard carrying the carrots.

"Jimmy knew my footsteps. He pricked up his ears when I spoke, then he opened his mouth and took the lot," she said.

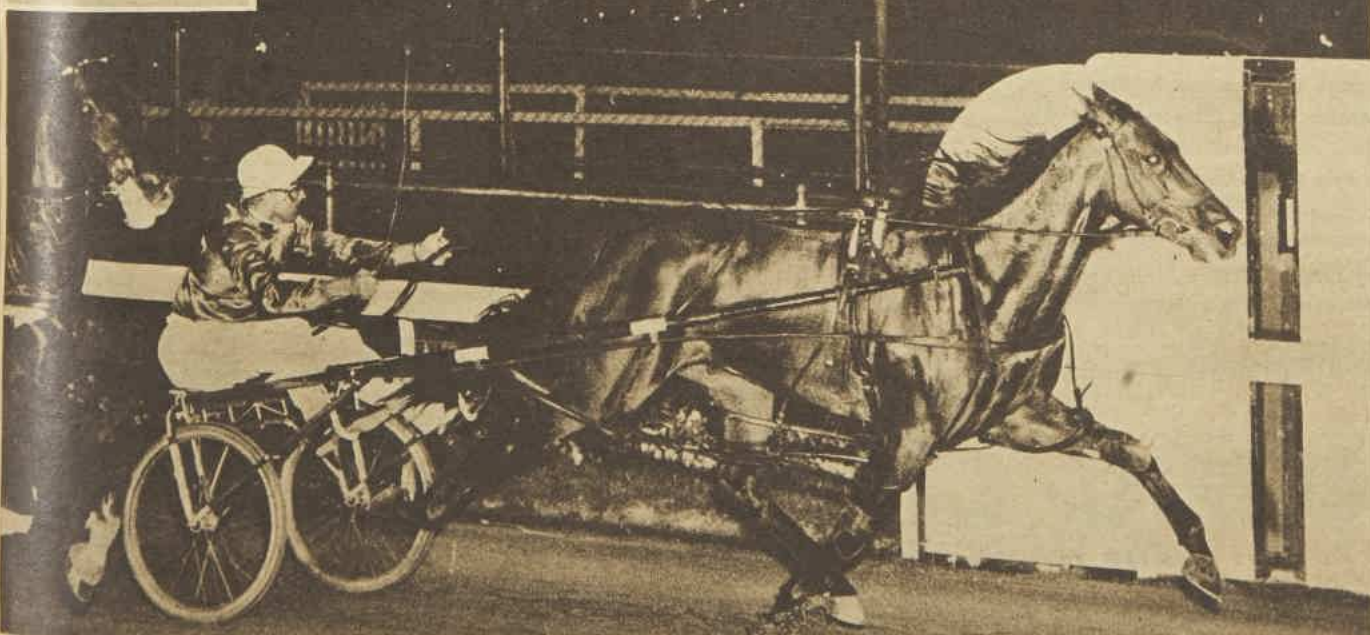
Refused offer

When a syndicate offered £30,000 for Ribands, Mr. and Mrs. Kelloway refused.

"No," said Mrs. Kelloway, "money can't buy him. We love Ribands, and he's given us pleasure."

It's back to Cowra, the home town, for Ribands, who from 74 starts in Australia, New Zealand, and the U.S.A. has had 38 wins, 11 seconds, and five thirds, to earn £42,000.

A horse who really set the pace, Ribands has clocked records which perhaps only his own foals will be able to better.





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COUNTRY INTEREST. Newlywed Mr. and Mrs. John Loneragan, who were married at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, with best man David Loneragan and bridesmaid Barbara Flynn. The bride was Susan Flynn, daughter of Mrs. Flynn and the late Dr. John Witton Flynn. After a round-the-world trip they will live at "Woodlands," Pyramul.

ENGLISH WEDDING. Walter Johnson, of Edgecliff, leaving All Saints' Church, Witley, Surrey, with his English bride, formerly Susan Eaton, daughter of Mr. Hugh Eaton and Mrs. Colleen Norman. Susan was in Australia for some years as private secretary to Lady Holmes, wife of the former U.K. High Commissioner, Sir Stephen Holmes.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Dr. Neville Walsh and his bride, the former Karen Riedell, of Wanga, after their wedding at St. John's Church, Wanga. They will live in Caulfield, Victoria.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

SURE to be among the prettiest debs of the nineteen-seventies are two baby girls who were born in Sydney last week. The proud parents are Shirley and Bill Barnes and Ann and John Lewis.

Shirley and Bill will name their baby Amanda. Mother and daughter will return home to "Suffolk Vale," Boorowa, in a few weeks' time.

Fair-haired Ann Lewis has been receiving lots of telegrams and flowers at Crown Street Women's Hospital, where her baby was born. Mrs. Lewis was formerly Ann Livingston, of Point Piper and "Terling Park," Moree.

SYDNEY University students are playing host to students from six other Australian Universities here for the annual Inter-Varsity Drama Festival. A gay cocktail party in the Union Hall will start the festivities on Wednesday, August 14. The festival will go on until August 24 and seven plays will be presented, including Jean Anouilh's "Time Remembered" and "Antigone," Arthur Miller's "All My Sons," and Noel Coward's "Hay Fever."

TURQUOISE and white color scheme has been chosen by Rosemary Mountstephens for her wedding on August 29. Rosemary marries Alan Hislop at St. Alban's Church, Epping, and she will be attended by three bridesmaids, including her sister, Jennifer, who has just returned home after eighteen months overseas. Rosemary is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mountstephens.



PRESIDENT of the Elizabethan Younger Set, Graham Ducker, with Valerie Jenkyn (left) and Virginia Anderson. On behalf of the Younger Set, Graham presented a cheque for £100 to the Elizabethan Theatre Trust at a cocktail party given by Dr. Coombs, president of the Trust.



ENGAGED. Dian Bushell, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bushell, of "Fullerton," Crookwell, with her fiancé, Raddon Reynolds. Dian has an emerald ring.



YOUNGER set of the Benevolent Society will hold their first meeting at the Royal Hospital for Women on August 20. Barbara Handler and Annette Bulte are helping to form this younger set, which will aid the Benevolent Society's £100,000 Mothers and Babies' Appeal.

COUNTRY lass Mary Smith of "Mourabie," Inverell, is looking forward to a holiday cruise to Japan in September. She will travel on board Orcades.

ART students John Fraser, Rosemary Fox, and Julia McFarlane are busy organising the art students' annual fancy-dress ball to be held in the Paddington Town Hall on Thursday, August 15. Medieval decor has been chosen for the dance and students will dress as knights and fair ladies.

BANGKOK will be the next home of Captain and Mrs. Stephen Jackson-Wells, who have been living in Washington, U.S.A., for nearly three years — they move to Bangkok at the end of the year. Mrs. Jackson-Wells was formerly Lorna Salisbury, of Vaucluse.

PARENTS of the bride and groom (from left), Mr. C. P. Johnson, Mrs. Colleen Norman, Mr. Hugh Eaton, and Mrs. Johnson, after the Johnson-Eaton wedding. The Johnsons, who live at Edgecliff, travelled to England specially for the wedding.

BIRTHDAY girl of the week was pretty Di Armstrong, of Potts Point, who celebrated her coming-of-age with a cocktail party for forty guests. Diana plans a trip to England later in the year.

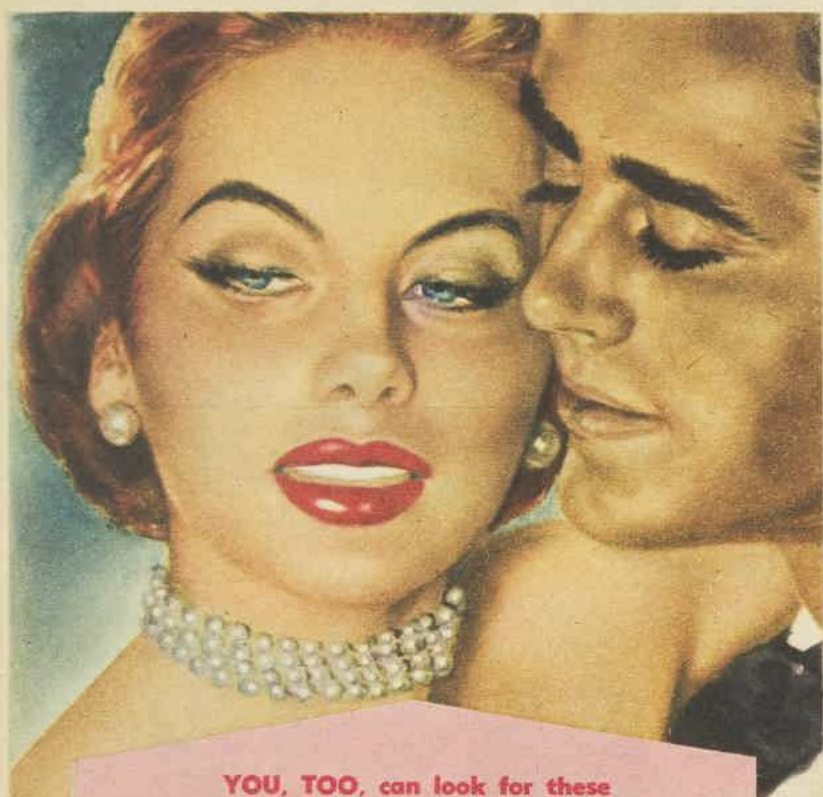
PRETTY Genelle Hinchcliffe ties back her blond curls with jaunty blue-and-white-spotted ribbon. Only it isn't a ribbon, but a bow tie!

THE National Gallery Society will hold a gala night at the Art Gallery on September 11. Indian dancers will perform and an Indian-style supper will be served to guests.

POLOCROSSE player Tony Crisp will be married to Sheila Sloman, of "Athlone," Dundee, at Riverview College on Saturday, August 17. After their honeymoon they will live on Tony's property, "Ardair," Glen Innes.

Anne

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● The etiquette of love and of everyday living are much the same in their dependence on the ordinary forms of good manners. Remember to be polite in matters of the heart and you'll get along without embarrassment.

FIRST letter out of the mailbag this week is from a young girl with a problem of the heart. Here is her letter:

"I AM 16 and keeping company with a boy of 17. When we go to the pictures together he keeps on wanting to kiss me during the pictures. Now, I don't like that as I think it is cheap. I think he should kiss me when he takes me home. I have been out with other boys, but I have never been kissed. Do you think I should let him kiss me?"

"Teena," W.A.

Not in the pictures. It's undignified, uncomfortable, embarrassing, and impolite to everyone round you and interferes with your view of the screen. After all, he asks you to the pictures, not to a petting party. I think the front gate or the front door is the place for the good-night kiss, and if I were you I'd tell him.

"WHO pays for any drink served at a wedding reception—the bride's parents, the groom's, or the groom himself?"

C.S., N.S.W.

Whoever gives the reception. Traditionally, the bride's parents offer this hospitality to the guests, but nowadays things are much more casual and it really doesn't matter who pays for it. But, strictly, according to the book of etiquette, the bride's parents pay for everything concerned with their daughter's wedding.

"I AM 15 and recently started going with a boy. I used to like him till a couple of months ago, when something (I don't know what) turned me against him. I couldn't stand the sight of him and refused to be near him or go out with him. He still



A word from Debbie . . .

A YOUNG man about town was talking to me the other day about girls. Not surprising? Well, his subject was—it was about girls and their shoes.

Why, said he, do girls spend pounds on their clothes, brush their hair till it shines, make their faces like spring flowers, but go out in dirty shoes?

Well, why do they? It's quite true that they do. I've researched the subject. Never have I seen so many shoes that need heeling, need straightening, need cleaning. And talking of cleaning, from my footpath research I believe girls think suede shoes don't need any looking after at all.

Black suedes grey with dust seem to be this month's highlight.

Get busy with your wire brushes, the emery board for marks, the steam from the boiling kettle, and you'll find you'll have a pair of suede shoes that look as if they don't belong to a slattern.

As for your leather shoes, get busy with them, too. A daily coat of polish and a shine with a soft cloth will take you into the twinkle-toe class.

likes me. I hadn't seen him for about a month until the other day, and when I saw him I felt thrilled. I didn't speak to him. Now I feel sorry for him because I think I have hurt his feelings. Should I apologise or just let things go? I do not wish to go with him again, but want to be friends. How can I explain it to him?"

"Wondering," S.A.

You can't. I think if you're honest with yourself you'll admit that you want him back on your own terms. You had your chance with this boy; now it would be the nice thing for you to keep gracefully out of his life or at least leave the situation to him and let him invite you to be friendly if he wants to.

"A FEW days ago my girl-friend and I, who are both 17, were having a discussion as to who should make the first move to hold hands in the pictures. She said the

boy would if he wanted to, while I maintained that in my experience a lot of boys leave this to the girl for fear they, the boys, might be regarded as being too fast. What do you think? We girls do not want to seem fresh, but on the other hand do not want to be thought of as prudes."

"Curious Two," W.A.

Leave it to the boys. I can't think of anything more frightening to a young man than a sophisticated miss of 17 who just reaches over in the pictures and takes his hand. Leave custom alone and let the male of the species do the hunting.

You might think "hunting" is a silly word, but taking the initiative in courting is all that remains in these civilised days of primitive man's search for a woman. And you'll find it's much nicer to be chased than to do the chasing. Relax and wait till your young man reaches for your hand.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

EVEN though this job of "digesting discs" lets me hear many records, there are still many vast areas of unexplored territory. Lots of people have heard Billy May's Orchestra, but it was only a few days ago that I caught up with him via an LP that has been out for quite a while.

If you haven't met Billy, either, I suggest you hasten for a sampling of "Sorta-May" on T-562. Although originally a tuba player, he is primarily an arranger, and if this disc is a fair sample of his work he must be an outstanding artist in that field. There is a freshness about the whole record that makes it a pleasure to listen to, but apart from that angle it's just wonderful for dancing.

I guess I'm a bit partial to Billy May because he has done some wonderful things for old favorites of mine, really skilful face-lift jobs on "Deep Purple," "You Go to My Head," "Just One of Those Things," and "Thou Swell." Some of the other tunes on the record are there because he saw their humorous potential. Other titles in this refreshing 12-track album are: "Chicago," "Donkey Serenade," "Blues in the Night," and "In a Persian Market."

Stan Freberg has been on 78 r.p.m. discs and on 45s, but now he appears on a 33 1-3 long-play. Stan is heard on only three of the tracks doing his now-famous "John and Marsha," "Little Blue Riding Hood," and "St. George and

the Dragonet." You know them well, of course, but if you don't happen to have them on either of the other two speeds this is your chance to get a wonderful party record.

The other tracks are occupied by Johnny Standley's hit recording "It's in the Book," Andy Griffith's "What It Was, Was Football" and "Romeo and Juliet," Yogi Yorgesson's "The Birds and the Bees" and "The Object of My Affection," and Harry Kiri's "Yokohama Mama." The title of the 12-inch disc is "Comedy Caravan" (T-732) and it's more or less an essential item for any collector with a highly developed funny bone.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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Well-known Australian model, Nola Rose, now visiting Australia with Sybil Connolly, models a Sybil Connolly ball gown of white gossamer pleated Irish Linen.

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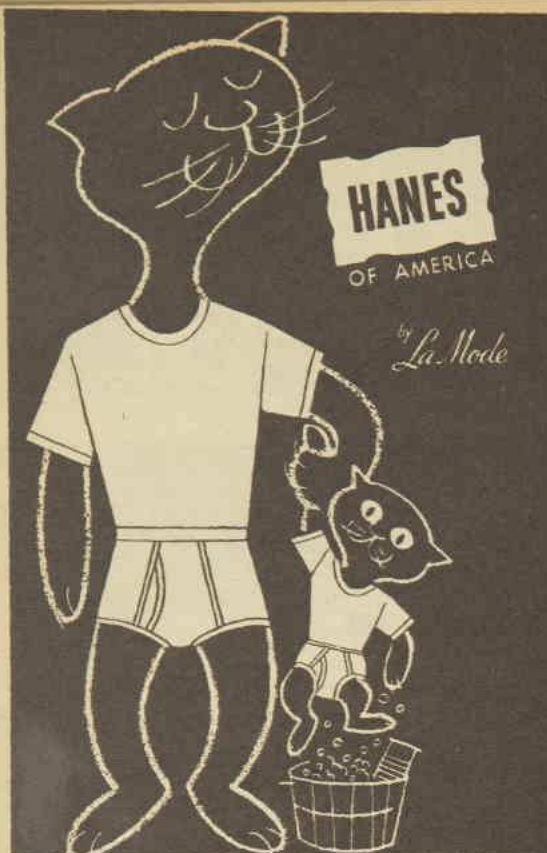
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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

TRADITION can be carried too far. A friend has just staggered me by telling me about the expenses she and her parents have to pay before her wedding is over. Why don't we forget convention and let the bride's and groom's parents share expenses in this inflationary age? As things are now, the groom's family gets off too lightly, in my opinion. It's only natural that most girls want a church wedding with all the trimmings rather than a registry-office ceremony. Pity help the poor parents who have three, four, or more daughters of marriageable age. Unless they're in the Vanderbilt class the financial outlook is black.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Kelly, Flat 2, 31 John St., Petersham, N.S.W.

WE modern mothers have much to be thankful for when nursing a child through sickness. We can always ring the chemist and obtain something to relieve the sufferer, but what we often lack is the sane and comforting presence of the family doctor, who too often these days refuses to leave his clinic. In spite of the fact that some of us are neurotic and will visit a doctor with a vague ailment, I believe a doctor should willingly come to a sick person when asked—and at night. The old-style family doctors will still do it.

10/6 to "Angry Mother" (name supplied), Swan Reach, via Bairnsdale, Vic.

SURELY these days it shouldn't be too much to expect pre-shrunk fabrics in all garments such as pyjamas. Recently a friend bought an expensive pair of striped flannelette pyjamas bearing a well-known brand tag. Because she's very tall she bought the O.S. fitting to be sure of leg comfort. She washed them only once and they emerged so shrunken in length, but not in width, she said she looked "like an emu egg." Who wants to go to bed looking like an emu egg? Aren't the manufacturers being a bit tough?

10/6 to Miss P. M. Walsh, 5 Bennett St., East Ipswich, Qld.

I OFTEN wonder how present-day children would react to some of the simple pleasures we older people enjoyed when we were young. How we encored the organ-grinder with his little red-coated monkey on the chain, and how thrilled we were to hear the tinkle of the bells on the old lolly cart. What joy, too, were those little peg dolls with their frilly skirts. Are children today any happier with their expensive walking dolls and their rich collection of toys?

10/6 to Mrs. Marie Cook, 32 Neale St., Bendigo, Vic.

I'M a disgruntled tea-drinker. Not everyone likes coffee, and yet it is almost impossible to get any other beverage after dinner in first-class cafes, guesthouses, and hotels. Why are people so dogmatic about this? Recently I paid £15/15/- a week board when I was holidaying in Sydney and yet I couldn't get a cup of tea after lunch. I can assure proprietors that this is no way to encourage guests.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Pearson, 53 Flinders Place, Cliff Rd., Wollongong, N.S.W.

Dressing up or down?

THE disappointment "J. McG." (24/5/57) experienced when she found people improperly dressed at an important ball she attended is easy to understand. A ball may be just another dance to those people, but to me, and many like me, it's an exciting occasion. Since I've been married and had a family I attend a ball only once or twice a year. I look forward to it for months and take a lot of care with my dressing and make-up and in laundering my husband's dinner shirt. But a lot of guilt comes off the gingerbread when you see women guests in street frocks and men in sports clothes.

10/6 to Mrs. Deirdre Sanders, 28 Stone St., Maylands, W.A.

Those dinner dates

I CAN'T quite agree with "Joanne" (24/7/57) when she says people don't seem to want to entertain friends in their homes these days. We love entertaining, but our trouble is in getting visitors to come. We have many good friends, but all we get from them are promises. Even when they make a definite time, as often as not they don't bother to come. It is so disappointing after preparing for them, not to mention the waste of good food.

10/6 to "Would-Be Hostess" (name supplied), Murarrie, Brisbane.

Family affairs

DURING the winter, when so much time must be spent indoors, it is a problem to know just how to keep the kiddies amused. At a recent weekend my family was beginning to get bored, so I suggested they start a "Busy Bee Society." All of us, including even Grandpa, joined in. Every member had to pay a joining fee and promise to give a small amount each week, out of which we bought wool to make squares for the hospital, paint for the doll's furniture, and so on. There is quite an amount in the Busy Bee Society's funds now, and their latest plan is to buy a bird and teach it to talk. The fun they have in calling the meetings and collecting the weekly donations is amazing.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Bottomley, 32 Ealing Ave., Ascendale, Vic.

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

AUSTRALIA'S leading girl athletes like Lorraine Crapp have won wide fame.

But you hear very little of our great spectator sports girls.

That is why I want to say something here about Syl.

I don't know her other name. She sat behind me at a Rugby League football match.

Syl attracted my attention by her loud and pointed remarks to the players, such as "Push him out, Harry!" and "You can't run without legs, Herb!"

Her comments showed expert knowledge of the game and keen powers of observation. Also, she seemed to be personally acquainted with all the players.

When talking about them, she usually put "the old" before their names.

She would say to her friend Doff: "The old Chick won't fall for that one!" or "What's up with the old Clive today?"

Syl's voice sounded as if she were about 45. But when I turned round to look at her I was surprised to see that she was only 19 or 20.

THE ALL-ROUNDER

She was a dark, intense little person. No doubt the constant exercise of her vocal cords had given that husky, mature quality to her voice.

Syl's learning and fluency in Rugby League were enough to rank



her as an outstanding spectator. But this sport was by no means her only interest.

In between her remarks on the football she had pithy things to say about tennis:

"There's Dorgan tackling himself again! Did you see Hoad on TV last night, Doff? The old Lew'll have

to improve to take Gonzales. Keep it, Ronnie, keep it! Oh, you drongo!" Syl was also a close follower of other sports.

"Clive wasn't offside!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you robber! I wish I'd gone to the soccer now. Those Hungarians got a big write-up last week. Come on, Ossie, give it to the orphan! Did you see someone broke Landy's record, Doff? Hard luck on the old John. Look at Seventeen tackling fresh air!"

A boy came along selling papers and Syl bought one.

"I want to see how I got on," she said. "Keith gave me Prince Jumbo for the second. What do you know, he was scratched. That's it, Clive, give him don't argue! Run, run! Oh, you little master!"

As an all-round spectator sports girl I would put Syl in world class.

I hope she finds happiness with some footballer, tennis player, swimmer, cricketer, sprinter, jockey, golfer, or bowler.

The men who compete in sporting arenas owe a lot to the encouragement of knowing fans like the old Syl.

*A gay romance by
Australian author*

FRANK SARAO

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Music by Handel

TO discover the unvarnished truth about Greg Duncan's current success as a composer, you must ignore the advice of psychiatrists, skip his childhood, and look at him in his early twenties.

And what a sight that is.

Here's a young man, with two eyes and a heart, who lives next door to a girl like Jess, who has golden-brown hair and blue eyes, and is not truly thankful.

Moreover, he lives at Bundoona, a small resort town in one of the more pleasant parts of Australia. Bundoona lies in the highlands, among green, rolling hills. The soil grows things like billy-o, and in summer the flowers have to compete with the scents of ripening peaches, apricots, plums, and nectarines in the district orchards.

Flowers? Old "Doer" Jones, out along on the main road, tells admiring visitors that he just walks on to his verandah at winter solstice, flings a handful of mixed seeds in the snow, and there's his garden in summer, a riot of color. No one could believe him, of course, but it happens to be the truth. Never did a lick of real work in his life.

So that's Bundoona. You've heard about Jess. And Greg earns a good living from the sale of real estate, on behalf of those who have made their fortunes on a few acres, to those who are ambitious. Any man should be happy in the circumstances; but not Greg, in those days.

Greg, to switch tenses, composed music of a kind. Having composed it, he used to play it on a doctored piano, and the result sounded just like a man composing music. It was called diatonic, but most people found other names for it.

Greg's parents deplored his music and the comment it aroused in Bundoona, but once when his father threatened to sabotage the piano, Greg shrugged and explained that he could as easily compose on a set of kerosene-tins.

He wasn't serious, of course, but who else was to know that?

"You're tone deaf," he told his father.

"I wish I was stone deaf," Mr. Duncan answered in a voice barely audible at the far end of the street.

Greg knew that this was the price of genius. Look at Stravinsky, look at Milhaud, Honegger, and the rest of the Six; look at Bartok. People had howled when they sat down to the piano, too.

So, out of business hours, Greg hunched his shoulders, buried his hands in the pockets of his corduroy jacket, clenched his meerscham pipe between his teeth, and walked among the Philistines unheeding.

He would have unheeded Jess, too, if she had not persisted in treating him as the boy next door, which he had been for ten years or more.

Once, when she was eighteen, Jess tried an experiment. She went dancing with a young chap from the city, and, on arriving home, conducted him to Greg's lighted window.

Greg leaned on the sill, suppressed a yawn, and asked if they'd had a good time.

"Glorious," Jess said. "And now Joe insists on kissing me goodnight. Do you think I should let him? Greg," she explained in an aside to her escort, "is just like a brother to me."

"Yes, why not?" Greg answered her. "It makes a good sound, doesn't it? Like a ginger-ale bottle being opened."

"Not the way I do it," said her escort. "The next sound

To page 58

Greg lazily acknowledged the introduction, and asked if they had enjoyed themselves at the dance.



I know, and
you know!



that washing is to
get clothes clean, but
washing alone cannot
make your white
clothes dazzling
white"

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LOVE AND UNCLE HENRY

An amusing short story by SYBIL BURR

I KNOW it's awfully wrong to laugh
in church, especially in the middle
of one's own wedding. But when
I felt that smile beginning to curve
my lips I just couldn't stop myself.

The Reverend Cornish had just
asked me if I would have Hugh for
my husband. I raised my head and
looked up into Hugh's eyes. I never
felt less like laughing than at that
moment.

Mr. Cornish pitched his milk-
chocolate voice a tone higher, looked
with slight distaste at Uncle Henry,
and inquired who gave this woman to
this man.

Then it happened. Into the expect-
ant hush fell the thin, sharp squeak
of a mouse.

I don't believe Mr. Cornish heard
it. He was still gazing severely at
Uncle Henry. But Uncle Henry did.
A grin of delight spread across his
face. I trembled. Uncle Henry is cap-
able of doing the most awful things
at the wrong moments.

Hugh had heard it as well. With his
handsome dark head cocked alertly he
was glancing cautiously round. I really
believe for a moment he forgot he was
being married. Hugh's a biological
chemist and knows practically all there
is to know about mice.

His eyes turned to me at last. I saw
them darken with love. And that tiny
pang in my heart melted away under
that look. Though it is a bit hard when
a girl has to compete with mice for a
man's love.

I used to hate mice. The mere
thought of one would send me into a
panic. Come to that, I didn't like
Uncle Henry very much, either.

It all started on a wet Monday morn-
ing. One of those mornings that begin
badly and go on from bad to worse.
I was late.

The rain was blowing in at the top
of my bedroom window. I'd wasted
precious minutes and started a ladder
in my last pair of nylons trying to close
it. I had a vague feeling Uncle
Henry must have been seeing to the
window.

Things that worked fairly well in
our house never worked at all after
Uncle Henry had seen to them.

Actually he wasn't a relative of
ours at all. Just one of those old
friends Mother and Dad used to play
bridge with when Richard and I were
children and we'd got into the habit
of calling Uncle.

The only bright spot this particular
morning was that it had come round
to my turn to take the letters from
Mr. Charles. I decided to wear my
black skirt and the cream linen blouse
I'd just made. But the wretched skirt
wouldn't come off the hanger. I pulled
and tugged and finally flung the whole
lot on the bed.

Mr. Charles was my boss at Casfords.
All the girls took turns with his let-

ters, as it was a big firm. I was in
deadly earnest about my career.

And Hugh? Hugh had always lived
next door. He was as much a part
of my life as the door-knocker or the
mirror in the hall. We'd collected
marbles and been to kindergarten to-
gether.

When his mother died, he just lived
on next door, turned his cellar into a
laboratory, and looked after himself.
We were never more than friends then,
though when I had one of my restless
fits I always remember I felt better if
I met him and we walked to the bus
together.

All the time I dreamed of my career
and Mr. Charles, the way his black
hair grew off his forehead.

As I fastened the belt of the grey
dress I had worn all last week, the
one with the patch in the hem, I re-
membered Linda Taylor at the office
always wore black. Mr. Charles always
kept her laughing and talking when
she went in with her notebook.

The weather forecast was drifting up
from the radio downstairs. As I
listened grimly to the prospect of a
deep depression off the coast I stared
at myself in the mirror.

Was I the kind of girl Mr. Charles
looked at twice? I had dark curly hair
and brown eyes.

Definitely not pretty, though. Like
a kitten or pansy flower. But definitely
not cool and poised like Linda Taylor.

The eight o'clock pips stabbed their
way upstairs. I came to earth with
a bump and shot down to the dining-
room.

Richard was deep in the morning
paper. I knew it was useless to expect
any sympathy from a brother. Mother
came in with some toast.

"I do wish our relatives would stop
interfering," I exploded, pouring out
some coffee. "Aunt Gertrude, Cousin
Harold, and . . ."

"Don't forget Uncle Henry," said
Richard.

Mother looked helplessly at the table-
cloth. "Don't get so cross, darling. I
admit since your father died he's
been coming here more often. Perhaps
he thinks we need looking after."

"We don't need Uncle Henry to help
us out," I said. "We've always got
Hugh for that. Uncle Henry's not one
of life's successes, despite the money he
seems to make from his strange inven-
tion! You've got to be ruthless, Mother.
Forge ahead. Aim for the top."

"And now your admirer!" murmured
Richard as the letter-box flipped up and
down. Hugh never knocked.
"Postman put this through my door
by mistake. Can I come in?"

"If it's a cup of coffee you're after,
I've just drained the pot," I said, open-
ing the door.

Then I saw the writing on the enve-
lope. "No, no, and again no!" I said.
"That's the end. I shall go back to
bed."

Hugh looked at me. Funny how I'd

never noticed before what caressing
eyes he had. I remember hoping un-
easily he didn't look at other girls like
that.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Sum-
mons or the sack?"

"Worse," I groaned. "Uncle Henry."
I took the envelope gingerly by the
corner and dropped it on the table in
front of Mother.

"Tell us the worst," I said.

Mother read the letter.

"Is he . . .?" I said.

"Yes," said Mother meekly. "To-
night. He's passing through on his
way to—to patent an invention, it
seems."

"I shall go to the pictures," said
Richard firmly.

"And I shall be working late," I
said, kissing the top of Mother's head.
"Enjoy yourself, dear. Come on, Hugh.
My career calls."

Hugh followed me out.

"By the way, how's the career
going?" he said, swinging into step.

I dodged a bus and glanced at him.
At his badly ironed collar, at the torn
threads where a button had come off
his raincoat. And then at his keen,
handsome face and the grey eyes that
were following the flight of a bird over
the wet roofs.

He's happy, I thought. He doesn't
mind going without things a bit. I'll
bet he swots at those old exam papers
of his every night and lives on bread
and tea because he can't be bothered.
And talks to his mice.

"The career's doing fine," I said.

"What about you?"

"Sukie's just got married and had
twelve children," he said.

I shuddered. Sukie's his favorite
mouse. He's got a whole lot of them
down in his laboratory. He feeds them
on different kinds of grain or some-
thing to see how much they grow.

He took my arm to cross the road
and smiled at me. And all at once I
was telling him all my troubles, as I
always did—Aunt Gertrude's coat-
hanger, the grey dress with the darn,
Uncle Henry, and the ladder in my last
pair of nylons. But somehow I stopped
short at Mr. Charles. Somehow I
didn't want Hugh to know about Mr.
Charles.

Linda Taylor was putting a sheet of
paper into her typewriter when I
arrived. She had on a simple black
dress. Just one red rose on the shoulder.
"Mr. Charles is ringing for you," she
said sweetly.

I snatched up my notebook, dashed
along the corridor, and went into his
private room. His eyes glanced off me
in their usual careless way.

He stared at the red roses on his
desk and began dictating right away.
I wished I hadn't been late, so that I
could have sailed in cool and poised
like Linda Taylor.

He was smiling when he finished, a
cool smile. And he was looking at me.
I felt his eyes assessing me, pricing my

dress, glancing at the ladder in my stocking, the darn in the hem of my frock.

I got out of the room somehow. Perhaps the thought of Hugh's look helped me. Hugh's look to blot out Mr. Charles' tolerant amusement.

And then I cast Hugh out of my mind. I wasn't going to give up so easily. Life with Hugh couldn't possibly lead anywhere but round in the old familiar circle of mending and making do.

I vowed I would get that black skirt off the hanger somehow.

The day seemed terribly long. And there was the dismal thought of Uncle Henry to look forward to.

I hung about the bus stop in the hope that Hugh would come along. I had one of my fretting moods on and I longed to see him.

Uncle Henry had his feet on the mantelpiece when I got home. Sitting sipping a cup of tea and gazing reflectively at a damp patch by the light shade.

"Got a board and a couple pairs of steps? Ceiling's in a bad state," he was saying. It might have been, but nobody cared before.

He greeted me with his usual grin.

"Not married yet? I count on you marrying, you know. Got anyone in tow?"

I gazed at him with what I hoped was an icy stare.

"I'm not involved in any emotional entanglements, if that's what you mean, Uncle Henry."

"H'm! Pity," he said. "Have to see what can be done."

I swallowed hard. "Look here," I began.

"Take it easy," said Uncle Henry. "Plenty of time. Ceiling's my first job. Find you someone when I've finished the ceiling. Only be staying couple days."

At the end of two weeks Uncle Henry had ruined all the ceilings, taken off two doors, knocked a hole in the back of the dining-room fireplace, and broken four panes of glass.

"Haven't you got any fellows to show me?" he demanded.

The kitchen was full of ladders and paint tins. I was trying to cook the Sunday dinner. I longed to give the ladder a little push. Uncle Henry was standing on it.

"Why don't you marry that young fellow next door?" he said, putting his foot on the stove.

"You leave Hugh out of it," I said.

"Can't face love in a cottage, eh?" said Uncle Henry.

I was silent, mopping the distemper off the kettle. I could

feel his eyes boring into the top of my head.

"I've decided," he said. "Young fellow next door'll suit you nicely. Needs someone to look after him."

"You'll decide nothing of the sort. You leave me to manage my own affairs," I snapped, slamming the kitchen door.

I avoided Hugh from then on. I had a feeling if I met him that Uncle Henry's spirit would be hovering over us busy tying the knot. Besides, Hugh took my mind off Mr. Charles. Mr. Charles had yellow roses on his desk now. And Linda Taylor wore a yellow rose on the black dress. I tried to convince myself it was just coincidence.

Uncle Henry didn't mention Hugh again. Sometimes he'd smile innocently at me. And I'd give him a bright smile back. At other times we eyed each other like two cats on a wall.

There was a ladder on the landing all day now. Uncle Henry said he was lagging the water pipes in the roof all ready for the winter.

Then one Tuesday I came home to find his suitcase in the hall, tied up with a piece of Mother's clothes-line.

He was in the kitchen with Mother. He was drying the dishes and had just broken our best teapot.

"Yes, I'm off," he said. "House is shipshape. You'll do now until I'm this way again."

"We certainly shall," I said. "Your mother and I are going to the theatre and supper after. You going out?"

"You know very well I shampoo my hair and have an early night on Tuesdays," I said.

Uncle Henry and I bade each other a guarded farewell. I had the queerest feeling I should miss him. Though I reminded myself you can miss disagreeable things as well, if you've had them long enough, like chilblains or an aching heart.

The house seemed extra quiet. Richard was out as usual.

I lay in bed reading and listening for any sounds from next

To page 38

"Why don't you marry that young fellow next door?" snapped Uncle Henry as he turned round and put his foot on the stove, where I was trying to cook the dinner.

WRITTEN

A NOVELIST'S road is usually paved with discarded ideas, and in some trunk he is sure to hide a graveyard of deserted manuscripts. Yet it sometimes happens that an almost forgotten incident, after hibernating for years as possible story material, is suddenly brought back to life and all by itself begins to write its inevitable and conclusive last chapter.

The story I am trying to tell has been such a buried fragment, up to the moment at the bar of the Hotel Pacifico when I noticed that the man next to me reached for his drink with an artificial hand.

Instinctively my glance travelled from its skin-like cover and almost too perfect mechanism to the face of its owner. A jolly, sun-coppered face with one chin too many, a fringe of salt-bleached hair around a pink and shiny bald head; very blue eyes which now unmistakably twinkled at me from their nests of bleached lashes and white wrinkles.

There was something faintly familiar about this face and even more so about his voice and American accent as he raised his glass to me with an inviting 'Salud, senorita!'

'Salud——' I said, trying to remember where I had seen him before. At the airfield in Mazatlan?

Or in the bus that had taken me from there to the Pacifico?

'Staying here for a while, ma'am?' he was asking me.

'Only tonight. Tomorrow some friends are meeting me with their car to drive me on to Manzanillo.'

'Oh, what's the hurry? Why not relax for a few days? I think you'll like the joint.'

'Yes, it's very pleasant. Very de luxe. Amazing what changes the new highway has brought to these parts.'

The Pacifico, about sixty miles south of Mazatlan, is one of the smart hotels that are lately shooting up from the barren soil of the Pacific coast of Mexico, which had been an inaccessible and inhospitable wilderness not so long ago. Now it was beginning to attract an enterprising avant-garde of tourists in search of yet undiscovered scenery; the goggled, speared, and finned devotees of the fashionable thrills of skin-diving and deep-sea fishing, the bright crowd that likes its adventures combined with air-conditioned comfort and low prices.

'Changes? You said it, ma'am. Just wait till you see what's become of Tiburon. I'd like to show you around the place a bit, may I?'

As Vida danced her lively native dance, Glenn, standing at the bar, watched her closely, while Tracey, blond and arrogant, watched him.

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"Grand Hotel"

BY VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY THEO BATTEN



ON WATER

'Tiburón...?' I said, groping in my memory. The man chuckled, twinkled, raised his glass.

'Doesn't ring a bell? Well—salud, señorita.'

'Are you the owner of the hotel?'

'Me? Oh, no. I'm still only the innocent bystander. Man-of-all-works, sort of. Fiddling with the radio, you know, keep the generators going. Take care of the swimming-pool — we're pumping sea water into it, you know. It's our pride—have you been in yet?'

'Well, no. I thought I'd rather take a dip in the ocean a bit later—'

'No, mi'am. That I wouldn't advise.'

'Why not? The weather is fine and I'm a fair swimmer—'

'Tiburones. Sharks. Plenty of them. Salud, señorita.'

Unconsciously my startled glance must have connected the disagreeable word with his mutilated arm, because he laughed straight in my face. 'No, my dear lady, this hand isn't a picturesque souvenir of my shark-fishing days. Got it blasted off in the war, no one to blame for it but my own stupidity. I still had my two regular fins when we met first, or don't you remember? Bob Thumborn is the name. Thumbs to my friends.'

As he said it a coin dropped into the slot and the machinery of my memory started moving.

'Thumbs! But of course! And I thought so often of the story you told me and wondered how you were, all of you. Forgive me for not recognising you right away. It's quite a long time since we met—'

'Right. Quite a long time. Since December 22, 1941, to be exact. I won't forget the date. The first train after Pearl Harbor on which we could get a reservation, the captain and me... Say, wasn't it awful on that train?'

'Yes. Wasn't it awful,' I said, smiling at the rush of memories which all of a sudden carried me back to that long-ago journey through the night.

'Aha, now you remember, don't you? Well—salud, señorita.'

'Salud, Thumbs. It's a wonderful surprise meeting you again, and here of all places,' I said, emptying my glass and wondering in what hidden convolution of my brain it had all been stored away, to rise now, clear and complete: the sounds, the smells, the air, the words of that never-finished story.

December 22, 1941; the snail-paced, crowded train taking its

load of jittery Americans from Guadalajara in Mexico to Nogales at the border of the U.S.A.

It had been so hot in the pullman car that I could not sleep. The luminous little ghost face of my wristwatch showed five minutes to two. The man in lower eleven kept on snoring, the man in lower four kept on coughing, the baby in the upper berth kept on crying, and the ventilators didn't work—for this was Mexico.

A few tons of heavy, stagnating air had collected in the cramped space above my berth and were kneeling on my chest, nightmare fashion. At last I came to a decision, slipped on my dress again, and tiptoed to the rear platform of the swaying, swerving train, where there were two observation seats.

The night outside was alien, hostile. Bush and swamp and desert rushed past, almost invisible, left and right of the narrow red path our tail-lights left on the tracks. Here and there the tormented shape of a cactus stepped out of the darkness or the harsh cry of some night bird came over the clanking of the wheels. After a

To page 38



A short short story
BY SHIRLEY JACKSON

SHOPPING TRIP



SOONER or later, I suppose, there must come into every mother's life the black day when she has to take two small children shopping in a big store.

I kept telling myself that my son Laurie and my daughter Jannie are not more undisciplined than any other two children of their ages. However, Jannie needed shoes and Laurie needed some trousers.

We all looked very nice when we started out. Jannie was wearing her best light blue coat, with a little round hat that matched. Laurie was wearing his blue pullover and grey flannel shorts and two pearl-handled revolvers, although I took a firm stand on his not loading them with caps.

I was wearing a coat and comfortable shoes. I had also, with rare good sense, stripped for action in that I carried nothing except a shopping bag. I had my money in a little purse in my pocket.

We sailed off in fine style as far as the front door, where Jannie flatly declined to continue unless she could take her doll's pram and doll.

This slowed up our progress a little, as Jannie kept stopping to bend over it, crooning to her doll. Laurie shot people we passed with his pearl-handled revolvers.

If I did happen to be anywhere near a suit department I might take a look at a suit, I decided.

"Mind where you're going," Jannie said to me as I was debating the practicality of grey or blue, "you're pushing Peggy."

"Oh, Jannie, not Peggy?" Jannie is often accompanied by a troop of invisible but noisy girls, and Peggy is the ringleader.

However, a crisis was averted at that moment because we had reached Manger's Department Store.

Doll's pram, revolvers and all, we got on to the escalator and at the third floor I said briskly: "Careful now, watch where you're going. We get off here." I alighted, doll's pram under my arm, and used my free hand to swing Jannie off. Laurie waited until the last possible second, but when I leaped to catch him before he went along with the machine to whatever awful depths it departed, he stepped off coolly.

"Peggy," Jannie said anxiously, "watch your step getting off. Susan, be careful. Barbara, help Peggy."

"Jannie," I said, "please stop. They can get off by themselves." I was beginning to be aware of being stared at by strangers.

I put the doll's pram down and Jannie settled herself behind it.

At this moment, just as our procession was ready to get under way, a large red-faced man in a rumpled brown suit accosted us.

"This little boy buying clothes?" he asked me, pointing warily at Laurie.

"He is," I said.

"Well, madam," the man said, smiling widely, "I represent The Real Western Rancho Clothes for Boys Company. We are meeting boys here, trying to find out what they really like in clothes."

Obviously gaining courage as Laurie and I stared blankly at him, he went on, "For instance, here is a boy who is lively and full of fun and a real Western Rancho type." He gave Laurie's shoulder a friendly shake. "What's this, pal," he asked, "your shooting iron?"

"It's a gun," Laurie said flatly.

"Now come along, old-timer," the man said, "let this here coyote take your picture."

The man laughed again and tried to give Laurie a little tug over to where a man in a cowboy hat was standing behind a camera.

"Let go," Laurie said rather fiercely.

The doll's pram smacked against the backs of my knees. "Mummy," Jannie said. "Who's that man talking to Laurie?"

"Well," said the man, "so this is the little sister."

"And this," Jannie told him, "is Peggy and this is Marilyn and this is Margaret? Where is Margaret?"

"Margaret?" said the man.

"Margaret," Jannie said sharply. She stamped her foot. "Margaret," she said, "you come here at once. How dare you run away like that? You ought to be spanked here and now. You bad, bad—"

"Jannie," I said helplessly, "please don't scold her. She's so little."

"The more reason she should stay with Peggy," Jannie said.

The man in the brown suit, who had been steadily backing away, now looked long at Laurie and long at Jannie and then inscrutably at me.

Once I got Laurie into the depart-

ment where I wanted him, there was small trouble in getting him to choose a pair of blue dungarees.

He also chose a tan suit, a complete suit of space-travel armor, a very odd red hat which for some reason he admired, and a shaggy suede jacket.

One by one I eliminated these articles on the grounds that they were too heavy, too furry, too shaggy, or too expensive.

In the shoe department Jannie sat herself down, ranged her girls about her, and, folding her hands, announced that she intended to have a pair of shiny black shoes with high heels and pretty straps and no toes.

I interrupted hastily to tell the salesgirl that we wanted something in a solid brown tie-up with a good sole. I knew I was going to have to reach a compromise somewhere and I thought I would start from scratch and so have more bargaining power. When the girl brought the brown tie-up Jannie glanced at it without interest.

However, we reached a tearful compromise on a pair of black patent leather shoes, completely impractical but better, I reassured myself, than the black sandals with the high heels.

Leaving the shoe department I looked at the clock with the faint hope common to all mothers that time will somehow have passed magically away and the next time you look it will be bedtime. It was nearly twelve, a good eight hours to go before the nightly miracle, but a legitimate time for lunch.

Waitresses always take a very long time when you are waiting at a restaurant table with children. We sat at the table for perhaps twenty minutes, me with my hands folded, Laurie with his elbows on the table,

and Jannie sliding down in her chair so that her chin rested comfortably on the edge of the table; the doll's pram was parked next to her.

"When is she going to come?" Laurie demanded for the fourth time.

"I want my lunch," Jannie amplified. She reached out and gave a slap against Laurie's elbows, so that his head went down and his chin cracked on the table. "Elbows off the table," she said admonishingly.

"Now, children," I said in my gentle voice, scowling fearfully at Jannie, "let us remember that other people are trying to have their lunches, too, and we—"

"Why are you talking funny like that?" Laurie asked, just as the waitress showed up beside us. "You sound like a gramophone record."

"You wanna order?" the waitress said.

"I want spaghetti," Jannie said.

"I want spaghetti," Laurie said.

"No spaghetti today," the waitress sighed.

"Chicken salad?" I said. "Liver?"

"Liver," Laurie said and made a noisy gesture of distaste.

"Children," I said, sweetly, "we must not take up all the waitress' time deciding what we want."

"I decided," Laurie said. "I want spaghetti."

"Just a minute," the waitress said, and departed.

"Look here," I said, my voice just loud enough to carry across our own table, "one more word out of either of you and you'll find yourselves being spanked, right here in public where everyone will laugh at you. Now, once and for all—Jannie is going to have a mixed salad and Laurie is going to have a chicken salad and I am going to have an omelet. Has anyone anything more

"Careful now," I said, putting my arm around Jannie. "Watch where you're going."

to say before the waitress comes back to take our order?"

They stared at me dumbly. Laurie scowled and Jannie's great blue eyes filled with tears and she took a deep breath.

"Just one howl," I said sweetly, "and all your girls get shut out of doors tonight." She closed her mouth and blinked away the tears.

Laurie made a move as though to reach for his gun. "That man can still take your picture, too," I said. He put both hands back on the table.

The waitress reappeared. "Children made up their minds?" she said.

"I'll have a mixed salad, please," said Jannie meekly.

"I'll have chicken salad," said Laurie politely.

"And I will have a cheese omelet," I said with a sigh of relief.

"And Peggy will have spaghetti," Jannie said, "and Marilyn will..."

"Jannie," I said sharply.

The lunch was ordered, our vital shopping had been done; perhaps tomorrow I could induce Grandma to come for the afternoon while I just ran to the shops to see about a nice dark suit for myself. I smiled at my children with the first honest smile I had used for quite a while.

"Perhaps we will all have ice-cream for pudding," I said magnanimously.

Laurie rested his chin on his hands.

"Elbows on the table!" Jannie said joyfully; she raised her hand in mock reproach, and Laurie, who had been lying in wait, swung his arm round and hit her in the stomach.

"Children!" I said as Jannie kicked out at Laurie and got the doll's pram, which had been put half under the table.

Laurie and Jannie and I watched helplessly as the doll's pram raced across the floor towards our waitress, who was heading in our direction carrying a heavy tray full of dishes. She was carrying it, that is, until the doll's pram caught up with her.

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BUTCH



"You mean you were just stalling and I didn't REALLY WIN?"

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"Id's dod really raining. And I habn't god a gold."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Dray

LIKE most women I have a slightly suspicious and critical air towards gourmets' societies and similar organisations which are usually the hobby of men.

It stands to reason that women who have been cooking three meals a day for hundreds of years cannot think of food in the same poetic way as do these dedicated males.

So, when a friend lent me "Wine and Food," described as "a gastronomical quarterly" and published by the Wine and Food Society in London, I opened it with some prejudice.

I was impressed by the fact that its editor, Andre L. Simon, is 80 years old.

He sounds a vigorous and cheerful octogenarian whose luxurious eating has done him no end of good, and he writes with grace.

One section of the magazine is devoted to "Memorable Meals." These are contributions. Each sets out the details of a dinner, listing host, guests, menu, wines, and a commentary which, judging by the discreet initials, is provided by one of the guests.

The guests certainly sing for their supper. Listen to this little commentary on a wine:

"The 1947 raised one of those discussions which must break out when eleven critical palates gather round a bottle of fine wine; its slight acidity at the end is typical of so many 1947s: a pleasant, well-meaning acidity with no malice in it."

And that, perhaps, sums up the attitude that the housewife, cooking steak-and-kidney pie for the thousandth time, should have for these boys and their memorable meals: "a pleasant, well-meaning acidity with no malice in it."

THAT competition to design an Australian national dress was harmless enough, but it served little useful purpose.

The winning designs were inoffensive, but quite unrelated. The man's appeared to be based on turn-of-the-century outback wear for men. The girl's bore a resemblance to the beach dresses of the past few seasons.

A national dress is not something that can be grafted on to a country. It has to grow of itself, is usually born of an isolation which exists hardly anywhere in the world today.

AT the party given to mark the year-long run of "Around the Loop," the revue at Sydney's Phillip Street Theatre, I heard a compliment worthy of inclusion in our current compliment competition.

Actor Gordon Chater was praising his colleague June Salter, one of the outstanding comedienne this theatre has produced. He enumerated her versatile talents, finishing up "And a doll, to boot."

"Doll" is one of those terms which has gone through various vicissitudes according to the fashion, sometimes meaning no more than "sheila." Just at present it is high praise, and most girls would rather be called a "doll" than be called clever.

CROWDS were clustered round the spring windows of one of the big city shops the other grey afternoon.

The one that attracted the most absorbed onlookers had a background of twittering birds. It was arranged to represent a conservatory, or maybe a moonlit garden. Anyhow, there was a brave border of indoor plants.

One young waxen lady, clad in white chiffon, was sitting on a swing. Another young waxen lady, also chiffon clad, was frozen in a

stance suggesting that she was about to push the swing.

From a balcony looked down yet a third wax lady and she, too, wore white chiffon. She differed from the others in that she had an escort.

The whole set-up was doubtless intended to stress that chiffon is the thing for spring (see our fashion issue last week).

But as a picture of a social occasion it was dampening. One man to three girls will not do, as most hostesses feverishly realise, and this one looked less able to cope than the average run of tailors' dummies.

And when the neglected girls are forced to amuse themselves on the garden swing the evening can be described only as a debacle.

POLICE tried in vain to persuade 62-year-old Mr. George Wind, head of a New York textile firm, to leave his perch on a 22nd-floor railing from where he evidently intended to jump. Then his secretary appeared and said, "Mr. Wind, what are you doing up there? Come on down." Mr. Wind took her hand and scrambled to safety.

A man, the noble creature, thinks he's free

As soon as he has left his mother's knee.

But a woman always lurks

Both at home and where he works,

And his boss in vital matters is a she.

He believes he rules an empire or a shop

That he leads to big successes or a flop,

And the dames, if they are wise,

Let him choose his shirts and ties,

But they pull the strings that signal go

or stop.

His hopes on final freedom had been pinned

When up the building's parapet he shinned,

He thought he'd made his choice

Till he heard that female voice,

"What DO you think you're doing, Mr.

Wind?"

"Whatever are you doing, Mr. Wind?"

"Come on down, right away, Mr. Wind."

And Mr. Wind obeyed,

His impulse withered, slayed.

He recognised defeat, did Mr. Wind.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 21, 1957

Each man to his clothing taste

● Horror, tinged with superiority, mixed with envy, and rounded out with wonder was the male reaction to a young Sydney man's announcement that he spends more than £600 a year on clothes.

THE young man is John Paull, a women's clothing manufacturer, and his wardrobe estimate was included in a survey on how much men spend on their clothes (The Australian Women's Weekly, 10/7/57).

Although expenditures of a Macquarie Street doctor, bank official, bank clerk, bank department head, engineer, garage hand, solicitor, and professional man were quoted in the article, Mr. Paull's £636/10/-, the largest, was the main target of readers' letters.

Mr. Paull buys four suits a year for £200. A young doctor replied: "One suit every four years, £30."

Mr. P.'s yearly dry-cleaning, £22. A growing lad of 18: "I can keep my clothing dry-cleaned for £10 a year, and my clothes are very clean."

Wives also had their say — one praising her husband's good sense in looking well groomed on a necessarily small outlay; another lamenting that she has a battle to get her salesman husband to spend a penny on his appearance.

A young doctor in a Tasmanian country town wrote: "Living in the country, I do not have to put on as much show as my city colleagues, and my whole wardrobe would not be worth one-half of the yearly purchases of your young man about town."

"My wife has agreed that this list, if anything, is a liberal statement of my clothing purchases in a year: One suit every four years, £7/10/-.

One overcoat every five years, £5.

Three shirts, one sports shirt, £12.

Four pairs socks, £2.

Two pairs shoes, etc., £8.

Three ties, £2.

Two sets underwear, £2/10/-.

One sports jacket, £12.

One pair slacks, £8.

Beachwear, £5.

One pair pyjamas, £3.

One dressing-gown every five years, £1.

Four handkerchiefs, 10/-.

Two sweaters, £8.

One pair gloves every three years, £3.

Haircuts, £3.

Dry cleaning, £6.

TOTAL, £88/10/-.

From a "sceptical student" in Bentleigh, Victoria:

"My clothing bill, including dry cleaning, is £70 to £80 a year, and I am a lad of 18 who is continually growing out of his clothes."

"I hope Mr. Paull's wife is not as extravagant as he is. Think of it—Mr. Paull, £12 a week; Mrs. Paull, £12; food and lodging, £10; entertainment, £5.

"Add to this car and/or travelling expenses, that little

bit put away for a rainy day, and taxation, and he must earn quite a salary."

From Mr. B. L. Corkin, a teacher, who wrote that his wife had spent only £25 a year for the past six years on her clothes when women's yearly dress expenditure was under discussion (The Australian Women's Weekly, 8/5/57):

"Like many other men, I was surprised to find that in the same six-year period I quoted for my wife I averaged £13 a year more than she did for clothes. This is explained by the fact that I do not make my own."

"I am not, and have no desire to be, a fashion-plate, and I guess my creases are often non-existent and my clothing sometimes looks the worse for wear, but I think that on the whole I manage to look rea-



But not THIS or THIS

SYDNEY clothing manufacturer Mr. John Paull provided this itemised list when he estimated that he spent more than £600 a year on clothes:

Four suits, £200.

One overcoat, £40.

Two hats, £10.

Six shirts and six sports shirts, £60.

Twelve pairs socks, £10/10/-.

Six pairs shoes (including sports shoes and slippers), £30.

Twelve ties, £18.

Twelve sets underwear, £12.

Two sports jackets, £40.

Four pairs slacks, £32.

Three scarves and cravats, £6.

Beachwear, etc., £10.

Six pairs pyjamas, £18.

One dressing-gown, £15.

Twelve handkerchiefs, £2.

Two sweaters, £24.

One pair gloves, £4.

Haircuts, £3.

Shaving, £2.

Dry Cleaning, £22.

Laundry (from eight to 10 shirts a week), £78.

TOTAL: £636/10/-.

sonably neat on my £40 a year.

"Once again I am prepared to stick out my neck and wager that the average man does not spend much more than £50 a year on clothes. Not that we wouldn't like to, of course. If ever I win any

money I'm going to dash off to town and buy me a wardrobe like Mr. Paull's."

From a doctor's wife in South Australia:

"At the time of our marriage my husband was a medical student without much money to spend on clothes,

"YACHTING ENSEMBLE" is the title for this French-designed suit, a style few Australian men would copy.

but he always has looked well dressed with a meagre wardrobe. Now that he is qualified, his outlook has not altered much, and he still spends as little as possible on clothing.

"While he was studying, relatives gave him shirts, socks, ties, and underclothes for birthdays, and he has never bought himself a handkerchief. These gifts have been a great help, likewise bargain sales.

"He has an evening suit bought second-hand six years ago; his four-year-old overcoat serves as a raincoat; he doesn't wear hats or gloves; and his dressing-gown is an old coat in winter and a hideous Chinese kimono brought back from the war in summer.

"There must be few professional men who have spent less on clothes, yet he lacks quantity, not quality. As the old saying . . . 'Only a pretty poor soil needs so much top-dressing.'"

...and a wife's dilemma

From Mrs. K. Lewis, of Victoria:

"My husband earns £23 a week as a salesman, and soon will get a rise to £25. I have been trying to tell him for years that his appearance is important in his job, but he takes no notice of me and often wears the same tie for a week.

"It's a real battle to get him to spend one penny on clothes, but he thinks nothing of losing £5 and sometimes more every week at the races."

"He goes to work in a double-breasted suit he bought for our wedding in 1952, and

he has only one battered hat and two pairs of shoes.

"I spend a lot of time making my own clothes, and frankly I feel ashamed sometimes to go out with him."

"Here is my estimate of his present wardrobe and how much he spends a year on his clothes:

"Present wardrobe: Two double-breasted suits (bought 1952), three shirts, four ties, two pairs of shoes, one hat (very battered), one sports coat (bought 1954), one pair sports trousers, two sports shirts, six handkerchiefs, two pairs pyjamas, one dinner

suit, six pairs socks, one overcoat.

"Yearly spending: One shirt, £1/15/-; two ties, £2; three pairs socks, £1/13/-; two handkerchiefs, 4/-; one belt, £1/5/-; two singlets, £1/2/8; one pair shoes, £4/15/6. Total: £12/15/2.

"Now look at his budget for less important things: Smokes, £1/10/- a week; beer, etc., £1; races, £5. Yearly total: £390.

"I wonder how many other husbands are like mine? Maybe if they totted up how much they gave to bookmakers, breweries, and cigarette manufacturers, they'd get a real shock!"

Instant acting!
Non-drying!
Fabulously mild!



MARVELOUS SHAMPOO

A wonderful shampoo for normal and dry hair

Preserves your permanent—protects your tint! A shampoo so gentle you needn't have the slightest worry about it swelling your hair and making it porous (the reason you lose your wave).

A single rinsing billows up so quickly, rinses out so completely, it releases every springy tendril, leaves your hair naturally soft and shiny and so manageable. Deliciously fragrant with the scent of spring flowers.



Creation of Richard Hudnut

Choose your LAXATIVE wisely

As Mrs. Baxter does . . . I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly. Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak. Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve constipation and derive full value from your food. So choose . . .

BEECHAM'S
THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE pills

P.S. PICTORIAL-Show . . . is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events — price 9d.



"I found the shaver that made him happy"

"Perhaps your man feels the way my man felt before I introduced him to the Philishave *Diplomat*."

"Electric Shaver? Not for me!" he'd said. 'He had tried other electric shavers but found them 'too slow' or 'not close enough' or 'made my face feel skinned'. But just look at him now.'

"This *Diplomat*" he says, 'is the answer! It's a fact it's the closest, quickest shaver--and it's so darn kind to my skin.' 'It's all due' he says, 'to rotary cutting

action. The self-sharpening cutters rotate behind stationary circular combs, which are nested together inside a skin-stretcher. This stretch-rim upends the bristles so that no matter which way they grow, they are gathered up by the slots in the combs first-time-over.'

And I say, 'thank goodness there'll be no more lathery mess in the bathroom.'

'Philishave *Diplomat* is what your man needs too. Give it to him on Father's Day.'

PHILISHAVE *Diplomat*

The electric shaver that outshaves all others

15 guineas in genuine leather zip case

* See the complete range of Philishave electric shavers priced from £9.17.6



FIRST CHOICE IN 70 COUNTRIES... THE WORLD'S MOST GIFTED ELECTRIC SHAVER



BOTANY BAY DIAMOND WEEVIL (*Chrysolophus spectabilis*) is a green-and-black beetle mostly found on black wattle. Some of this family are borers.



BLACK BULLDOG ANT (*Myrmecia tarsata*) is a common species of bulldog ant. These ants build large nests under fallen leaves or near trees or stumps.



SPECKLED TREE GRASSHOPPER (*Ephippitya trigtiduoguttata*) is a large grasshopper, about 2½ inches long. Its scientific name, which is nearly as long, implies that it has 32 spots, though actually the number of spots varies. The coloring of the insect is an excellent camouflage. Common in inland.

These are Australian . . .

INSECTS

● Insects comprise about 70 per cent. of all forms of animal life. There are more than half a million species in the world, and about 50,000 species in Australia. Entomologists say that Australia's insects are peculiarly rich in interest. On this page are pictured a selection of the commoner ones often to be seen in gardens.

Picture of Diamond Weevil by Mr. N. Chaffer, Sydney. Others by Dr. Allen Keast.

LEFT: Leaf-hoppers (*Siphanta acuta*) on lemon-tree leaves. About a quarter-inch long, these are commonest of leaf-hoppers, some of which are serious pests in gardens.

RIGHT: Little Green Praying Mantis (*Orthodera ministralis*) about to eat a ladybird. The mantids seldom eat ladybirds, preferring soft-bodied insects. Some ladybirds eat aphids.



TWO WASPS often seen in Australian gardens. The one on the flannel flower (left) is *Echthromorpha intricatoria*, one of the family of Ichneumon wasps, which, as parasites, keep down vine moths and cutworms. The wasps insert their eggs



in caterpillars, on whose tissues the larvae feed. The insect at right is a Tiger Wasp (*Poecilocryptus nigromaculatus*). It has a wide range in Australia, is not uncommon in gardens, but is so small, about ½ in. long, that it often escapes notice.

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

- The classic shirtwaist dress in printed fabric is back in fashion, its silhouette showing new fullness.

THIS fashion item answers a reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"COULD you help me with the material, color, and design for a day frock to wear for the coming season? One dress is my limit for better wear, as I am a young wife and mother and haven't much money to spare for clothes. Fortunately, however, I can make my own, so could I buy a paper pattern in size 34in. bust for the design you suggest?"

Illustrated at right is the design for you—a front-buttoned shirtwaist dress. It is the best all-purpose garment I know of; furthermore, it is right back in fashion. I suggest printed silk or cotton for the material. You forgot to mention your coloring, so I will have to leave the color choice to you. For special occasions wear the dress with a bouffant petticoat, the "blown-up" skirt look being very new in spring fashions. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details.

"IS a suit with a hip-length boxy jacket still being worn?"

The beltless, boxy-type jacket is still being worn, but it is not as full as it was last season.

"IN planning the clothes for my wedding I would like your advice on my going-away ensemble. I want the dress to be useful later."

My suggestion is a dress and matching jacket. I don't know of a smarter double-purpose fashion than the dress-jacket ensemble, nor one that can be worn for so many occasions.

For the material I like the idea of polka-dotted silk. Cinnamon-brown with a white spot or coral-pink with a white spot are both in fashion. Have the dress made with a scooped neckline, short sleeves, and a skirt with trouser pleats below the waistline. Have the jacket hipbone-length, slightly bloused, and finished with an obi sash in self material.

"I WANT to make a cool dark dress, and wondered if black cotton is still being worn. Also, what style is new, something slim in cut?"

Black is being worn, but black with white or brown spots would look newer. Have the dress made with a slightly bloused bodice and slim skirt.

"WOULD cotton be a correct choice to make a frock to wear for special occasions?"

It certainly would. This season cotton has joined the ranks of high fashion. Cottons come in glorious prints, often patterned as extravagantly as silks, in a variety of plain colors, and in a new range of weaves and textures.

"MY problem is an idea for a formal evening gown. Is a slim-type being worn and, if so, what is the correct length? Also, what are the latest colors for night?"

A long, narrow sheath dress is still being worn and it looks

newest with the slender shape relieved by drapery. Numbers of designs in this category are made in chiffon and have uneven hemlines at ankle-level. New spring colors you might consider include white, flame-red, lilac, all shades of pink, and underwater-blue.

DS259.—Shirtwaist dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Beauty in brief: TREATMENT FOR A THIN NECK

By CAROLYN EARLE

- If your throat runs to hollows (salt cellars is the old-fashioned term) just above the collarbone, you have a slight problem.

COPING with thin spots like this is usually slow and often a bit discouraging. In this instance the problem calls for some treatment and some camouflage.

For treatment, try massage at night with a heavy lanolin cream in the hollows, and tone up the neck muscles by head-turning exercises and grimace-type mouth movements.

"Grimace" movements are done by making sounds like "ee" and "ou," which

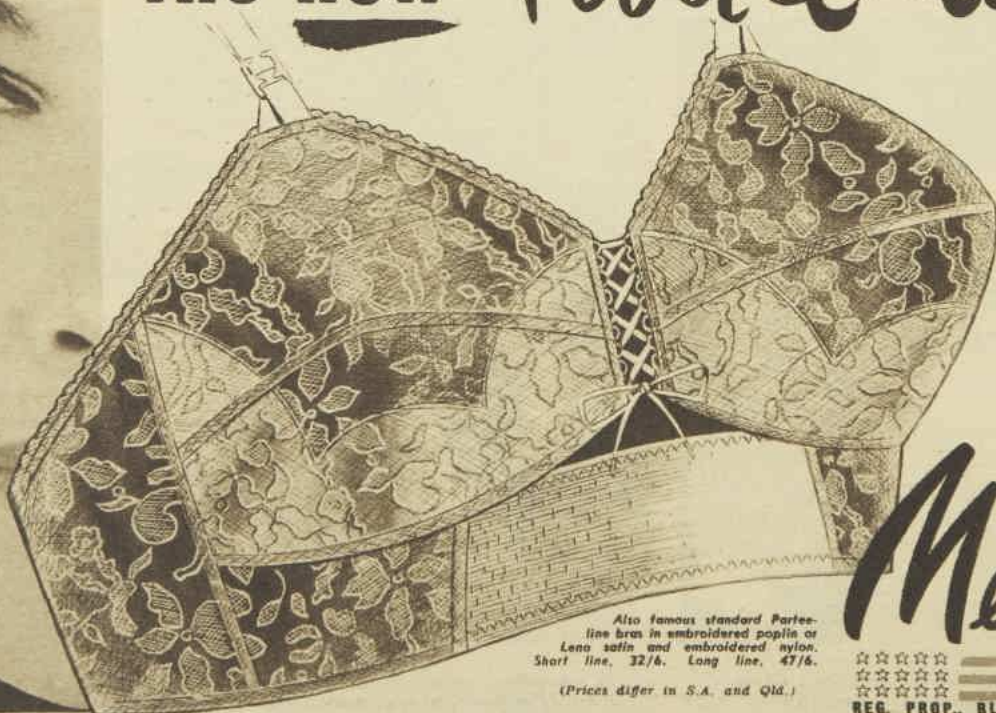
bring the neck muscles into play.

For camouflage, choose your necklines carefully; for instance, wear a halter neck instead of a strapless top. And make the most of the fashion for multi-stranded beads and pearls to cover the bones.

If you must wear a low neck, you can soften the hollows with touches of light make-up foundation and powder at least one shade lighter than your natural coloring.

all-nylon lace with "Liftafome" miracle support!

the new *Partee-line*



With new Partee-line you'll never be bra-beaten again! So soft, so dainty in fine denier nylon lace . . . pretty enough to be seen! Your figure has careful up-bringing, gently persuaded with miracle "Liftafome" undercup support that never loses shape! And only Partee-line has adjustable cups . . . you have 6-9 inch fractional separation! Detachable back elastic, too! 3 cup fittings. A30-36, B30-38, C32-38.

39'6 (Prices differ in S.A. and Qld.)
at leading stores everywhere.

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Also famous standard Partee-line bras in embroidered poplin or Leno satin and embroidered nylon. Short line, 32/6. Long line, 47/6.

(Prices differ in S.A. and Qld.)

PRODUCED IN AUSTRALIA BY MERICA PTY. LTD.

The SUIT with its OWN BLOUSE

HERE we show four examples of the biggest boon in spring fashions—the suit with its own blouse.

The suit silhouette is easy and elegant; the blouse is pretty enough to add a special-occasion look.

Color predominates in spring daytime suits, two favorites being coral-red and sapphire-blue. A new and interesting color and fabric team (we show it below, right) combines smoky-grey flannel for the suit and nasturtium-yellow chiffon for the blouse.



CASUALLY TAILORED two-piece suit in sapphire-blue (above) is highlighted with a blue-and-white-striped linen blouse and jacket lining. Skirt is wrapped at the back.

NEW spring-fashion points in the elegant two-piece suit (at right) are a cut-away-from-the-throat-line jacket and uncuffed sleeves. Hat and suit are in sapphire-blue.



CORAL-RED suit worn to show a belted overblouse printed in a melange of rosy-red and orange roses. The lightly fitted, hipbone-length jacket is lined to match the blouse; the straight skirt is slit at the back seams for easy walking. Without the jacket the suit becomes a pretty dinner costume. The small hat, made in the suit fabric, has one of the new brims turned back from the hair and brow.



CLASSIC tailleur made in smoky-grey flannel, designed with easy elegance. Under the jacket a soft bow-tie chiffon blouse colored in nasturtium-yellow is matched to the Dior sou'-wester hat.



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Malt, milk AND EGGS! This matchless combination of vital health foods is Ovaltine's special secret. Every rich granule of this superlative product has greater food value. No wonder Ovaltine gives you the glow of good health faster. The 'extra goodness' of eggs is the reason.

2 It's **FORTIFIED**
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USE
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FIRST!

the washing water can cause havoc to the hands... BUT TRUSHAY will protect them. Oil-soluble TRUSHAY forms an invisible film that prevents chapping and roughening... combats after-wash "dry" skin. Keep TRUSHAY always "on hand" - your hands will bless you for it.



A woman tells...
about air-travel

Ann Travaire, TAA's Women's Travel Adviser, has a wealth of information about air-travel. She shows you how easy it is to make your reservations, when to travel, what to wear, where to stay. Ann Travaire will be a valuable help, particularly to elderly women and mothers travelling with young children. For all air-travel information, write to Ann Travaire, care of the TAA office in your capital city.

TAA
Women's Travel Adviser



15 hairsets for 4/10
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
Give **YOU** hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's. Get a tube of concentrated **Curlypet** - squeeze **Curlypet** into a pint milk bottle of warm water - shake till mixed - now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated **Curlypet** for 4/10 from your chemist or store. QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
CN4

Worth Reporting

THE row of children's shoes had been standing there, off and on, for weeks and not a soul had thought to comment.

In several sizes, styles, and states of repair, they stood on the porch of a modern white weatherboard cottage on a quiet country road in N.S.W. We heard about them from Mrs. Winifred Hopkins, of Ettalong, N.S.W., who wrote that she had noticed them while strolling along the road one evening soon after five. "There was neither sight nor sound of a child," Mrs. Hopkins wrote.

"Several days later I passed that way again and saw them again. I counted - 12 pairs. "Some weeks later I returned to the district to visit a friend and again saw the shoes - 14 pairs now."

"My hostess has a small daughter, Ann, aged seven, but the girl was not at home when I arrived at 5.30. Her mother explained her absence and, at the same time, solved the mystery of the shoes.

"Alone in the white cottage lives a middle-aged man - who owns the only television set in the neighborhood.

"Every day at five o'clock the children assemble at his invitation to watch for an hour.

"Outside they must remove their shoes, then go quietly into the lounge-room, and sit on a large rug spread to protect the valuable carpet.

"Every day, rain or shine, the shoes can be seen outside."

Inside are the children, from two to 14 years old, absorbed in their latest substitute for Huckleberry Finn-type activities.

★ ★ ★
ENGLISH is a tongue you can get your teeth into.

For example, you can go the whole hog, and take the bull by the horns. You can also bring home the bacon. Of course, you might get a cold shoulder, in which case you'll probably beef.



"Really biting today, aren't they?"

Sydney girl wins ballet scholarship

DETERMINATION and hard work have won a £650 London ballet scholarship for blond, 16-year-old Judith Ravenscroft, of Belmont, N.S.W.

The scholarship will entitle Judith to study for a year at the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet School.

She will leave Sydney by air on September 3.

Judith, who began dancing at the age of six, has read most stories of the ballet, and biographies of famous dancers.

Sydney dancer Myrtle Reeves, who, with Richard Vaissier, adjudicated the championship, described Judith as a strong dancer, vivid in her approach to ballet.

"She has that extra technique, and the strength to add to it. She shows great promise," Miss Reeves said.

Judith's teacher, Miss Tessa Maunder, said: "Judith used to practise all day, seven days a week. She is the ideal girl to send to London because she is willing to give her life to ballet."

Judith Evans, who won the scholarship in 1955, will remain in London as a demonstrator with the Royal Academy of Dancing.

Marilyn Jones, winner of The Australian Women's Weekly scholarship in 1955, studied with Miss Maunder for 11 years.

To tea-party by parachute

● An amusing tale by Mrs. Irene Musson, 16 George St., Henderson, New Zealand, wins this week's first prize of £20.

MY husband had just begun as a professional parachutist, and was giving weekly displays at Mangere Aerodrome, Auckland.

The drome was bounded by water on three sides, and the first jump my husband made

landed him beside a small cottage where a little old lady who was gardening nearly died of fright.

The following week, with much less wind, he and the pilot decided he would jump in the same place and would land on the 'drome easily. However, while they were circling to reach 200 feet the wind increased.

Despite vigorous "spilling" of the parachute he landed on the aerodrome - but right next to the cottage where the old lady and her friends were having tea on the lawn.

He was folding his parachute when she rushed over, crying: "Young man, do you always use the same plane?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Well," she exclaimed indignantly, "I think it is time the Aero Club got it fixed before you're killed!"

HOW TO ENTER
● Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.
Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

More polish for the natives

SHOES were afoot again in the news this week when we asked Mr. Michael Taylor how he sold boot polish to Far Eastern natives who didn't wear shoes.

Mr. Taylor, on his first visit to Australia, is Far Eastern representative of an Australian shoe-polish firm.

He explained that natives used the polish on furniture, or for the one pair of shoes they had for special occasions.

"Actually, men and women in Far Eastern countries are becoming very shoe-conscious," Mr. Taylor said.

"The women love colored shoes, and we have to keep pace with fashion trends by providing colored-shoe polishes.

"Women in Malaya, Hong-kong, and Singapore are right up to date on fashion, copying their styles from the glossy British and American fashion magazines."

Mr. Taylor said Japanese women were buying more European-style clothes, mainly because kimonos were becoming too dear.

He had seen kimonos in department stores priced from £50 to £135.

Aussie girls on tour next year

NEXT year will be important for many girls in the Young Australia League.

A party of them will go on a 30,000-mile tour that will include England, Italy, Switzerland, West Germany, Belgium, France, and England.

The tour will take five months.

The League's slogan is "education by travel."

Interested girls in all States aged between 14 and 19 should make inquiries to Y.A.L. headquarters, Murray Street, Perth.

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TIES, CRAVATS, SCARVES
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That's the fastest way to sweep
dangerous congestion right out
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a quick end to the worst cold
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P.S. PICTORIAL Show... is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events - price 9d.



1



2

For you –
summer's gayest
mix'n'matchers
– those exciting
separates by
Aywon



3



4

See what fun you could have mixing and matching these separates. How inexpensively you'd make up different outfits!

1. 'Fancy Free' satin poplin playsuit and separate short skirt 99/11. 2. 'Jester' jacket 47/11, matadors 42/11. 'Hot Spot' bloomer shorts 33/11. 'Voyager' strapless top 39/11. All cotton. 3. 'Fleur de Lis' cotton skirt 67/6, shorts 45/-. blouses 39/11. 4. 'Windjammer' hood-into-collar jacket 69/11, matador pants 52/6. 'Voyager' shorts 42/11, halter 39/11. All in exclusive Sportsail. 5. 'Rope Trick' Sportsail shorts and halter 39/11, jacket 72/6, matador pants 52/6. 6. 'Varsity' Satin gabardine striped or plain blazers, 5 gns. each, matching cap 22/6. 'Slim Jim' skirt 54/-. slacks 69/11. 7. 'Naughtical' blouse 49/11, shorts 39/11 all sizes. In Sportsail. 8. 'Party Line' Bermuda shorts 45/-. blouse 54/-. full-flared skirt 63/- strapless top 45/-. All in Satin Poplin.

5350



5



6



7



8

Try them on NOW in your favourite stores everywhere

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(pronounced A.I.) – the most exciting name in separates

every garment guaranteed!

A man of mystery



AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY of the 19th century revolves round Roger Charles Tichborne. Above is how he looked in Santiago in 1853, before he vanished and a world-wide search was made for him. At right is The Claimant, a butcher, pictured in Paris in 1867.



Was he the butcher — or the missing blue-blood?

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● Australia during the 19th century produced two legendary figures — Ned Kelly and "The Tichborne Claimant," whose story has now been written by Douglas Woodruff.

SUBTITLED "A Victorian Mystery," this case of the Wagga butcher who claimed to be Sir Roger Tichborne, heir to an ancient English name, estates, and wealth, is still mystifying.

In truly melodramatic style, the Tichborne story deals with double identity, missing persons, bushrangers, lunacy, seduction, fraud, the wild days of Australia's gold-rush, a vanishing sailing ship, and noble life in England.

Our grandparents argued fiercely when two legal actions were held: The first dismissing The Claimant's case, the

second sentencing him to 14 years' gaol for perjury.

The real Roger Tichborne, son of an English father and French mother, was reared in Paris, attended school at Stonyhurst, England, joined the Army for some years, and travelled in South America.

In 1854 he sailed from Rio on the ship *Bella*, which apparently went down with all hands. The Tichborne family then took it for granted that Roger's restless, dissipated life had ended at the age of 26.

But his mother refused to believe this, and advertised in many languages for news of him.

A Mrs. Gibbs, wife of a Wagga attorney, saw one of these advertisements and re-

marked to her husband that Thomas Castro, a local butcher, seemed to fit the description.

Australia was barely out of the convict era and many people who wanted to lose their old identities assumed false names. While this in itself provided one of the most bewildering features of the Tichborne case, it added to the Gibbs' early belief that the butcher Castro was the missing heir in disguise.

After all, he had mentioned a shipwreck and his briar pipe was lettered with the initials R.C.T. So the Gibbs' went into action and The Claimant admitted he was really Roger Tichborne.

Money was raised and The Claimant travelled with his family to Paris, where The Claimant begged Lady Tichborne to come to his hotel, as he was not feeling well. She found him lying fully dressed on the bed with a handkerchief over his face.

Lady Tichborne advanced, lifted the handkerchief, and gazed at him. "Oh, my dear Roger, is it you?"

Her conviction that her son had returned was later shared by the family doctor and solicitor, by servants, and by men who had served with Tichborne in the Army.

Fiercely antagonistic, refusing to meet or recognise The Claimant, were his aunt and her daughter, with whom the real Roger had spent so much time in youth.

How was it that The Claimant could not speak French if he had been brought up in Paris? Why would his memory fail him on school-days at Stonyhurst yet capture childhood happenings of family doings?

If The Claimant was not Tichborne, who, indeed, was he?

Douglas Woodruff's book, crammed with facts, poses the enigma again. Perhaps the Crown was right when it dismissed The Claimant as a perjurer. Or perhaps Lady Tichborne was right when she said:

"I think my poor Roger confuses everything in his head, just as in a dream, and I believe him to be my son."

Copy from the publishers, Hollis and Carter.

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ALL-COLOR NATURE BOOK. Watch next week's paper for details of how to order "The Living Bush," picture book of Australian animals, birds, and flowers.

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CAROLS IN COLOR

IT'S not too early to think about Christmas, for organisers of the Carols by Candlelight Festival have announced a Cover Design Competition open to all artists.

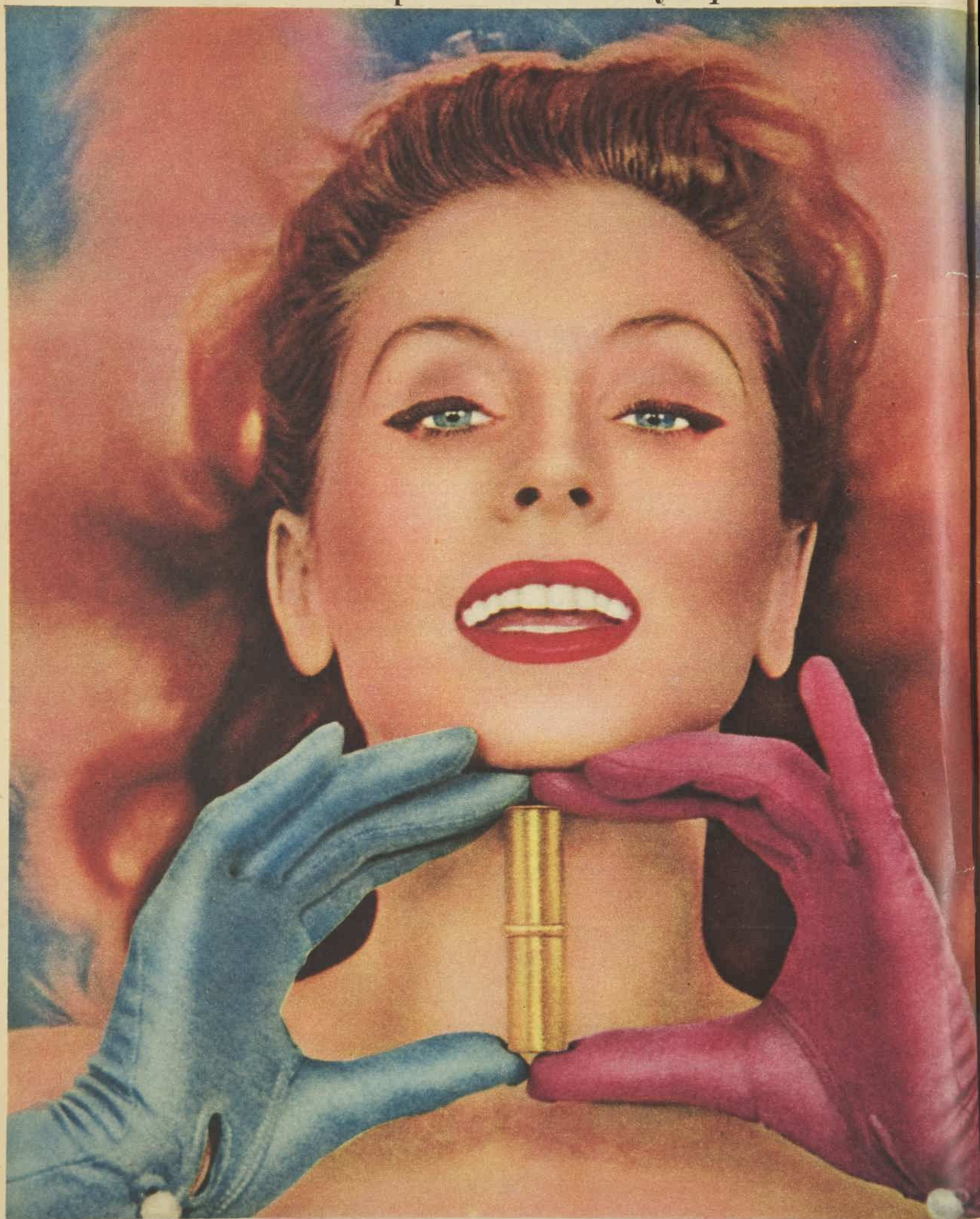
They are offering a first prize of fifty guineas and a second prize of twenty guineas for designs which will be chosen for the front cover of the 1957 souvenir programme, sold on behalf of the Rachel Forster Hospital for Women and Children, Redfern, Sydney.

Conditions are:

- Paint a four-color design in poster colors for the cover of the 1957 programme.
- Required size is 19 inches deep by 15 inches wide.
- Lettering included in the design should read "CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT," Hyde Park, Sydney.
- Competitors must print name, address, and State in block letters on the back of the drawing.
- Each entry should be accompanied by a 2/- postal note or the same value in stamps.
- Entries may be posted or left at the city office of The Rachel Forster Hospital, 5 Bligh St., Sydney.
- The closing date is October 23, 1957.
- The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Winning entries become the property of the Carols by Candlelight Festival Committee.
- Entries will be exhibited in the Annexe of David Jones' Galleries during November.

Organisers of the 12th Annual Carols by Candlelight Festival are the Daily and Sunday Telegraph and broadcasting station 2UW.

Now...at the price of ordinary lipstick...Revlon



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Revlon's new fabulous 'Futurama' case with lipstick refill—only 13⁶/₆



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Now Revlon makes every other way to buy lipstick old fashioned! *Now* you can have the richness of a Van Cleef & Arpels jeweller-designed* "Futurama" case—*complete with lipstick*—for the price of a lipstick alone. But that's only the beginning.

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* Van Cleef & Arpels are the world famous New York jewellers commissioned by Revlon to design "Futurama"

while the train whistle shrieked three times, the train slowed down, leaning itself into a curve, and with a rude jolt it came to a stop in the midst of nowhere.

The moment we had stopped, soot and dust began to settle on everything. Way up front, where the engine stood panting, I could discern a dimly lit station shed and there was the usual sleepy commotion which accompanies late-night arrivals in out-of-the-way places. A man with a lantern walked along the train; the Mexican pullman porter stepped out from the car and hung around in a pose of attentive loafing. 'Are we in Mazatlan?' I called down to him.

'No, senorita, south of it,' he called back. 'This is only Tiburon.'

I sat down again and closed my eyes, resigning myself to the eight-hour delay, wondering if I would still get home for Christmas in the crush of Americans trying to return home after the shock of Pearl Harbor. As I sat there with closed eyes I heard a heavy pounding that came in an irregular rhythm through the stillness.

'What's this noise?' I called to the porter.

'The sea, senorita,' he answered. As if to emphasise it, there came now a gust of wind from the west. But it was not the refreshing breeze you might expect on approaching the Pacific. It was hot, loaded with a brassy odor like the breath of a fierce, wild beast of prey. Then another smell hit my nostrils, one I had learned to recognise as the warm, soft, sweet,

Continuing . . .

not unpleasant, and utterly human scent of a Mexican crowd.

Sweat, flowers, vanilla extract in the hair of young girls, oil, smoke of charcoal that forever clings to their garments. I opened my eyes again and looked out into the night. As I got used to the darkness beyond I began to understand that the dense shapes out there were not the forms of bush and scrub and cactus, but something rather fantastic.

AS far as my eyes could reach, people were standing there, hundreds, a tightly packed crowd quietly standing in the night. Men dressed in white or some dark blue stuff, their serapes pulled up almost to their eyes, their dark faces indistinguishable under their sombreros; women with black rebozos clinging in soft folds to their heads and shoulders and others in the modish, cheap cotton dresses you can buy at the native markets. There were children, too, little boys and little girls and little babies asleep in their mothers' arms.

No one spoke, no one sang, no one laughed. They might as well have been sleep-walking, all these hundreds of Mexicans standing around the tracks in the midst of nowhere. Then, after an immeasurable time, all their faces turned in one direction, where the hard headlights of a motor-car cut

Written on Water

from page 23

through the night. As the car approached, a little band began playing; it sounded soft, plaintive, far away. The car came bouncing over the deep grooves and ridges of a narrow dirt road and stopped just below my vantage point. It was an amazingly and unexpectedly smart new car to be encountered in such a place. The lazy porter came to life to help the new passengers for whom, obviously, the train had been stopped.

They were two men in white linen suits. The one to leave the car first was unmistakably American, middle-aged, plump, and friendly—the same man I had now met once more in the

looked a changed man. The skull, thick with untidy dark hair, was definitely Anglo-Saxon; his skin was tanned a deep brown and a sharp line divided his forehead, leaving the upper part conspicuously white. You see this mark often on soldiers, rangers, on seamen, and hunters. Altogether it was a remarkable face.

While the plump man supervised the transfer of their luggage, the lean one reached into the car to help a girl from it. A tiny figure, head and shoulders wrapped in a black rebozo. Her face was finely chiselled, very white and strangely serious. She stood immobile, looking up to the man towering over her. They talked as though across a river filled with flooding tenseness



"And stop referring to yourself as the Skipper!"

bar of the Pacific. The other one, who for a moment stood sharply etched in the glare of the headlights, was lean, built on sparse lines, so that he may have appeared taller than he really was.

A bullfighter! was my first impression. I don't know why. Probably because he had the steely litheness, the sharply cut, set face characteristic of a matador. But the moment he took off his panama hat he

and, strangely, the crowd seemed to recede a little, as if wanting to leave them alone.

The man seemed to give the girl some orders, because every time he paused she nodded in silent agreement, her eyes never off his face. Finally he turned and called a name into the crowd. A grey-haired man came forward, stepped into the car, and took the wheel. He had a broad-nosed Indian face, earth-colored, and one of his

legs was missing from above the knee and replaced by a crudely made stump.

The band, which had stopped, began again. It seemed an endless time that we had been standing in this whistle stop, with the sea pounding in the distance against the alien shore and this other sea of faces surging silently around the train. At last the engine took a deep breath and got ready for a start. The tall man lifted the girl on to the running-board of the car to raise her face closer up to his. To kiss her goodbye, I thought. But all he did was to place a kiss on the tips of his fingers and touch her shoulder lightly, as if to leave it there. It was a strange caress which I had seen only among Arabs before. There was careful and infinite tenderness in it and something like reverence.

The girl, lifting herself on her toes, made the sign of the cross over the man. Then she went back into the car and, without looking around, they drove off. The man called some Spanish words of farewell to the crowd and boarded the train. At once all the men took off their sombreros as if entering a church. The band kept playing. The train got under way and I kept wondering about the strange scene which I had just witnessed.

A little later the plump short man came out on the platform and dropped heavily into the other seat. 'Mind if I join you, senorita?' he asked. 'Mind that I'm a bit drunk? Well, it's a very special occasion. Care for some mesclé? No? Well—salud, senorita.' From the gourd he carried, native-fashion, on a leather strap slung over his shoulder, he poured himself some into a tin cup. 'I hope my company doesn't bother you, ma'am,' he said, getting polite. 'My apologies for being a bit under the weather but, you see, we've been away from home for a long time, a very long time—and now we're go-

ing back. Sometimes I didn't think I'd live to see the day.'

'Porter, hi, porter,' he called as the man in the white jacket stuck his head through the door, 'the captain is asleep in the compartment, and you let him sleep, even if it takes your cursed train a week to reach the border, d'you hear me? No knocking at the door, no asking do we want breakfast. If you wake him up, I'm going to bury you in an ant-hill up to your neck. Understand?'

'The captain is that sort of a fellow,' he explained as soon as the porter withdrew with a grin on his face and a tip in his paw. 'I've seen him stay up fifty-six hours on end in an emergency and then sleep for twelve and come up fresh as a daisy. Quite a character, my friend, Glenn Hammers. Ever ran across his name in the papers? No? So much the better. There was a nasty noise in the papers about him a few years ago. By the way, my name is Bob Thum-born. Thumbs to my friends. Well—salud.'

'Did you have a look at the people in that station?' he went on after fortifying himself once more from his gourd. 'Anything strike you as remarkable? Didn't see many old people in that crowd, did you? No old people in Tiburon—they mostly die young. A white man can stand it three years or four and then he's a goner. Dysentery—fevers, typhoid, Malaria all the time. And the yellow fever, yes'm. Their babies die like flies, and no doctor in Tiburon, that's part of the story. No one but Vida, all by herself, to take care of the whole lot of them. Well—she'll get a school there yet and a little hospital, I bet you anything, she will.'

There didn't seem to be any answer called for, and I felt myself drifting into a sleepy daze. 'Ever thought about shark livers?' he asked suddenly, starting me out of my lethargy. I said no, not exactly. Not about shark livers.

'Take a look at me. I haven't thought about anything but shark livers for years. Let me tell you, there is more to shark livers than meets the eye. Take a shark, let's say fifteen feet long. He'll have a liver that begins at his head and goes all the way down to his tail. Twelve, thirteen, fourteen feet of shark liver. Tons and tons of shark liver. You know what this means in commercial terms? It means enough vitamin A to keep a whole city block hale and healthy. Oh, mama mia! A few years ago you could do nothing with a shark but sell the fins to the Chinese and maybe grease your engine with the oil. But now they can't get enough of them. More than three hundred men fishing shark from a hole like Tiburon,' he said.

'And I bet you every one of them walked the seven miles to the station to see the captain off. I guess in their queer Indian way they're fond of him. They behaved nicely and quietly when he left, didn't they? But I wonder what would have happened if Vida hadn't stayed with them. There would have been murder and revolution. Did you see her? The slip of a girl that came with us in the car—but, hombre!—how she keeps those men under control! The captain would have been sunk without her, and the fishing folks, too.'

He took another draught. 'I'm glad Vida took his going away so well,' he went on, coming out of his meditation. 'I was afraid she would make a scene at the last moment, but no, not Vida. It's the Indian blood, you know, that makes them so quiet. Glenn always claims that she has exactly the right blend of Spanish and Indian in her, and that's something rare and precious. As the captain says, the Spanish

Continuing . . . Love and Uncle Henry

from page 21

door. Ours is a row of terrace houses and Hugh's is joined on to ours. The walls aren't very thick. I once heard him drop a whole heap of crockery. I liked to think there was only the wall between us. I felt nearer to him.

It must have been about ten when I first noticed that damp patch on the ceiling over my bed. I put down my book and gazed at it curiously. It seemed to be getting bigger. Then a drop of water fell on to my hand, then two drops.

A second later I thought I was going to be drowned. I was plunged into inky darkness. I was battered by falling plaster and drenched in cascades of icy-cold water. There seemed to be gallons of it dripping everywhere. My bed was a sodden mass.

I struggled free, felt for my dressing-gown and wrung the water out of it. Splashing across the floor I yelled frantically for help.

The house was silent except for the swish of the water pouring through my ceiling from the roof.

I slid down the stairs. It was cold in the front garden. I beat on Hugh's front door.

'Hugh,' I cried frantically. 'Hugh!'

A moment later, with a surge of blissful relief, I saw his kind, anxious face. And then I'd flung myself into his arms, sobbing and shivering.

'Zena, my darling. You're soaked. Whatever's wrong?'

He caught me up, carried me through and set me down on his rickety old kitchen chair. Then he took off his coat and put it round my shoulders.

'No, don't try to talk. I

was just having supper. There's still some tea in the pot. Your feet are frozen. Here.' And kneeling down he began rubbing my bare feet.

His warm hands, the coat warm from his body, turned my heart to water, too.

'Hugh,' I whispered. 'I'm sorry I haven't been at the bus stop.'

'It doesn't matter,' he said quietly. 'It doesn't matter what you do. I love you, Zena. Nothing can ever make it any different. I'll always be somewhere around.'

I BENT down and caught his head to my heart. I knew in that moment that nothing else mattered in the whole world. If I had troubled to remember him I would have tossed Mr. Charles gladly to Linda Taylor.

It was a long while before we came back to earth.

'Darling,' Hugh said gently. 'You must go back and get these wet things off.'

Suddenly I remembered the cascades of water.

'Hugh,' I said, 'I don't think by now I shall have a home to go to. Do you know anything about pipes?'

Hugh snatched up a torch and we ran together, hand-in-hand, back through the tide in our hall and splashed up the stairs.

'Whatever's been going on? Someone left the tap running?'

He shot up the ladder which was still standing in the passage outside my bedroom.

Just as he was disappearing through the trapdoor I felt something moving in his coat pocket, something that echoed my squeal of alarm.

'It's all right,' Hugh grinned down. 'It's only Sukie. She was sharing my supper. I put her in my pocket when you yelled through the letter-box.'

I slid my hand gingerly into the pocket of the coat round my shoulders and brought her out, cold and trembling just like me.

'Overflow's blocked and the ball-valve's broken. Has your Uncle Henry been up here by any chance?'

I opened my mouth. But I was speechless. Sometimes you just can't think of the right words.

It was morning before you could call our house dry land again.

Uncle Henry had decided to see Mother home. Like a king accepting tribute he graciously took the entire blame. His wicked old eyes sparkled when he saw the havoc in my bedroom. He unpacked his suitcase at once. And he said that as he had found me a man as he'd promised he would he didn't mind staying on and giving me away if I'd please fix the date.

Hugh gave me Sukie for one of my wedding presents. She's sweet, with the most melting eyes and the coldest little feet. Like me during the Great Flood, Hugh says.

And Uncle Henry? He's still with us. He thought he had better stay on in case Hugh wanted any redecorating done.

While he was waiting he married Mother.

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To page 40



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... and at the same time—gain long-lasting immunity

From all over the world enthusiastic men and women are writing, telling of the remarkable, lasting benefit they have gained through treatment with Lantigen 'B'—the Oral Vaccine. Taken just like an ordinary medicine, Lantigen 'B' is now world famous for the successful treatment of the miserable, vitality-sapping conditions of such infections of

the respiratory tract as Catarrh, Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma, Sinus and Antrum infections and Recurrent Colds. Lantigen 'B' Oral Vaccine is a scientific treatment that actually attacks the basic germ infection, not only driving out the germs-poisons responsible for the complaint, but helping to strengthen the body's natural resistance to further attack. Ex-

sufferers write that they now enjoy wonderful good health after they had tried everything and all hope of relief had gone.

• No Drugs • Cannot Harm the Heart
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Clinical reports of the use of Lantigen 'B' by medical practitioners use phrases such as:

An active therapeutic agent in that it acts directly on the cause.

In bronchial infections, results were mostly indisputable (26 improvements in 27 cases).

Nine children suffering from rhino-pharyngitis (i.e., catarrh) and recurring bronchitis, showed clear change—nasal discharge and inflammation diminished without usual bronchial complications.

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Dr. David Thomson, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., Director of the Pickett-Thomson Research Laboratory in London, says that (after having reviewed all the available literature about the use of oral vaccine) he and his associates are convinced that immunity can be obtained with vaccines administered by the oral route.

Dr. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal as follows:

"In my experience, the oral antigens (oral vaccines) have been mostly employed in cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

Your chemist also will himself know of many cases of beneficial results from using Lantigen 'B'. Ask him about it today!

WORLD WIDE LETTERS—PROOF OF BENEFIT

CANADA:

Catarrh Sufferer Wins Free. "I have been a victim of Catarrh. Nothing benefited me and I was gradually growing worse. Lantigen benefited me from about the first dose. Am on my fifth bottle now and I find it is really wonderful. Never had any severe attacks of head colds since I commenced taking marvellous Lantigen 'B'." (M.L. Ontario.)

MALAYA:

Colds Kept Away. "LANTIGEN 'B' is certainly doing very useful work for me by keeping my nostrils clear and also keeping the colds away." (G.H., Port Swettenham.)

NEW ZEALAND:

Wonderful Relief for Catarrh. "An advertisement in the paper some time ago recommended Lantigen 'B' for sufferers of Catarrh. I am now taking my third bottle, and I can hardly thank you enough for this wonderful relief that I have been afforded through this medicine. I was also very subject to colds, but since I have taken Lantigen 'B' I have only had one cold." (Mrs. W. F., Mangonui, North Auckland.)

AUSTRALIA:

Champion Cyclist Smashes Bronchitis! "I have been a sufferer of colds and Bronchitis for over 30 years. I used to cough and cough, colds always turned into Bronchitis. We tried everything, but nothing helped. I started on Lantigen 'B' and started to get relief. I continued the treatment and have not had a cold or Bronchitis attack for over nine years." (Mr. G. W. Beck, Sydney, N.S.W.)



Lantigen 'B' is made by fully qualified bacteriologists working under medical supervision

ENGLAND:

Complete Relief from Sinus and Catarrh. "I really must write and tell you the complete relief your LANTIGEN 'B' treatment has given me. I suffered from acute Sinus and Catarrh trouble. After just starting the second bottle I had complete relief. I was in so much pain when I had Sinus trouble, I would have tried anything. I repeat anything, for just a little relief. Thank you very much a million times over!" (H. Cranwell, Saffron Walden, Essex.)

ENGLAND:

Catarrh Sufferer for twenty-five years gets Fast Relief. "I have been troubled for the past twenty-five years with Catarrh and Bronchitis and with four severe attacks of Pneumonia. As a last resort I then decided to try the Lantigen 'B'. I got relief from the FIRST INITIAL DOSE OF SIX DROPS. I have no fear now in going to bed, and have put on weight in NO TIME." (John Robson, Redcar, Yorks.)

SCOTLAND:

Bronchitis. "I suffered for years due to Bronchitis—sitting up in bed at night coughing and spluttering. Then I tried Lantigen 'B' and now I'm glad to say I am free." (J.L., Glasgow, Scotland.)

ENGLAND:

Sleeps Well Now. "I feel I must write to you about your vaccine LANTIGEN 'B'. For 20 years I suffered from Bronchitis, beginning in November and ending in March. I was unable to lie down in bed, had to be propped up in bed with four pillows. Now I have only one pillow and sleep without any trouble at all. I started taking your vaccine three years ago and I have not had any Bronchitis since I have taken the same." (Mrs. A. G. King, Leamington Spa, War.)

AUSTRALIA:

At Last... Free from Bronchitis. "My arms were like pin cushions, caused by injections. I took Lantigen 'B'; when on the third bottle I found relief. I had no Bronchitis for over twelve months. The trouble is people take one bottle, perhaps two, think it's not acting. With me it took three bottles before I felt a marked difference. After four bottles I was a different person." (Mrs. K. Prosser Perth.)



ENGLAND:

Housewife Beats Catarrh. "I really must write you about wonderful LANTIGEN 'B'. I suffered for years with Catarrh, now at 50 years of age I have known relief and feel so well. I do a full day's work and run my home. I would go without anything to buy LANTIGEN 'B'." (Mary Cummings, Dartford Kent.)

ENGLAND:

Now Fit—Free of Colds. "I feel I must write you a few lines in greatest praise for LANTIGEN 'B'. I was seriously ill four years ago, with Pneumonia. Whilst convalescent, I asked my Doctor what he thought about LANTIGEN 'B', as whenever I caught a cold, it was always a bad one. I acted on his advice and have taken it ever since, generally two bottles a year and it keeps me fit and well, free from colds, etc. It is now four years, and I have not had a cold or any chest or Bronchial trouble." (Arthur R. Barber Melton Mowbray, Leics.)

(Originals of testimonials on our files)

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OVER 5,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

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Continuing

Written on Water

from page 38

makes her lively and proud and gives her that water-lily skin and the Indian makes her quiet and patient.

"I don't say she is the type that hits you between the eyes, but, to my mind, Vida is one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw in my life. Sounds as if I were in love with her, doesn't it? Well, maybe I am—a little. Maybe I am a character fit for the funnies—the one who always falls for his best friend's girl, like Glenn claims. I'm glad he is asleep now, it was quite a wrench for him, too, leaving Vida behind, and she being in her third month. Well—salud, senorita."

There came a long silence and I assumed that my unknown companion on the trip through the shapeless nothingness of the night had dozed off, loaded as he was with mescal. But just as I, too, closed my eyes his voice came across the dark, not wistful as before but alert and impatient. "I wonder how long it'll take this train to make it to Mazatlan—less than fifty kilometres, for heaven's sake! You know Mazatlan? Well, it might be okay on a picture postcard. The bay and the rocks and the coconut palms and the cathedral—but as far as I'm concerned you can have it. The trouble they always make for you with their pilot and their red tape and confusion, and when it's all said and done you have to anchor way out in the bay and go ashore in the dinghy. Come to think of it, that's where and how the whole story began . . ."

It was a long story Thumbs told me that night, but somehow it made the interminable voyage seem shorter, the impatient wish to get home less unbearable. Not that he had been a very good storyteller; he spoke haltingly, with many reservations, in a groping vernacular and with long pauses in which he seemed to wander silently away from his tale or even to fall asleep.

When not inspired by mescal he was probably a shy and tongue-tied man. Yet, groping for words, stumbling and stopping, slashing his way through tangles of expression, with the rise and fall of his voice and the telling silences in between, sketching shapes, patterns, landscapes into the air where words failed him, he drew me irresistibly into the world of which he spoke.

In the meantime the train jogged on, stopping here and there in some mute little station and plodding on again as if it didn't care a farthing if it never reached Nogales and the border. There was that very Mexican easy-going indolence about its progress which is like a medicine to our impatient nerves, a sedative, a narcotic. Once, when the train had bumped to another halt amidst another nowhere. Thumbs got up, stretched, flung some questions in vernacular Spanish to a sleepy brakeman. "Oh, for God's sake, now we are having a hot-box! At this rate, the war will be over before we get there!"

Much later the night was getting thin and the stars floated pale in the waning darkness. "It's chilly," Thumbs said. "Aren't you cold, senorita?"

"Thanks, no," I said, but I was shivering all the same. Thumbs shook out a serape which he had carried, Mexican-style, narrowly folded over his shoulder. It was of heavy, scratchy wool, still warm from his body as he bundled me up in it. I was touched by the friendly gesture of this slightly drunk stranger with whom the night had thrown me together. But then, as I looked up into his smiling face—the jolly mask of

a resigned, unselfish, fat and sensitive little man—I suddenly felt that he was not a stranger any more. Neither he nor the people whose story he was telling to me.

By the time Thumbs came to the ending of his story years seemed to have passed since I had observed the curious little scene at the forsaken little station of Tilburon. How I knew those people as if I had lived among them for a long time, and what I had witnessed was a formal farewell between lovers—the woman who stayed home and the man who went to war; a scene acted out countless times today and everywhere as it had been countless times back through the ages, beyond history and myth.

This, then, is the story Chief Thumborn told me and which I shall try to tell in his own words, as closely as I remember them.

THEY had come from La Paz and put in with the Orca around sunset. She was a good, trim seventy-foot yacht, and Thumbs was fond of her. He was the skipper, mate, electrician, engineer; sometimes he was the cook, and sometimes Tracey made him the referee in her frequent tiffs with her husband.

Tracey Cowles—the girl whose picture always gets in the papers. Although she honestly dislikes publicity she can't escape it. Not with all those Cowles oil millions, the looks, the airs, the scandals, the grand manners, the whole goddamned background of too much money.

At that time Tracey was still a princess; that is, she was still married to the prince, but you could sense that she was getting fed-up, and their marital bliss was fizzling out. That's why she had planted the poor guy on a boat, cruising all over the gulf, fishing. The prince was as ill at ease there as a mountain goat would be in a goldfish bowl—which amused Tracey.

He was her second husband, and he had some Magyar name no decent American could pronounce: Ladislaus Prince Barany. "Call me Lahn," he begged everybody, so democratic, the poor devil. She had met him at the French Riviera, where American heiresses usually meet their princes. He had gone down there trying to sell somebody's family jewels, and Tracey had bought the whole works; jewels, man, and title. Thumbs didn't think, though, that he had married her for her money. It was quite obvious that he was really crazy about her. Thumbs never liked him, though; he only was sorry for him. Sometimes.

Barany went around telling all the world what a good shot he was, and everybody had grown sick and tired of hearing about the High Tatra and the bears he had shot there and about the African safari on which he had taken Tracey for a honeymoon. Or, rather, vice versa.

Once, when the Orca ran into a bit of a blow, he behaved pretty badly, and Tracey made fun of him. No wonder he grew irritable. And, naturally, when a guy grows irritable, he drinks, and when His Highness drank he got pretty mean.

That was the funny thing about Tracey until that awful thing on the Arundel happened a few months later—the thing that changed her. But until then nothing gave her a greater kick than to irritate

To page 43

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Aug. 19

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in social activities. ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, navy-blue. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in true love. ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in your own home. ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a chance conversation. ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in the management of money. ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a new chapter. ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in sports. ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck among friends. ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck before the public. ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in ambition. ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in being discreet. ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck through the opposite sex.	★ Get down to brass tacks and work like an eager beaver. Enthusiasm for new projects should carry you through dull tasks. Rewards will be worthwhile. ★ Most of you look forward to new, exciting phases of work. You may slip through the essentials in order to spare more time for the creative side. ★ Working at home means you can organise your own schedule. Whether it is a labor of love or a part-time job, you increase assets and provide for extra amenities. ★ Chasing what you want adds to the attraction of your goal. The grapevine telegraph may have news for you. Personal contacts will be of the highest importance. ★ Whether you are job-hunting, or a job is chasing you, there will be plenty of action. Discharge responsibility efficiently, whether a paid or voluntary worker. ★ You may surprise folks by coming out of your shell. Any work which arouses your interest can now be carried through in dynamic fashion. You'll receive full credit. ★ Watch what's cooking. You can accomplish more by quiet personal effort than by staging a showdown at the wrong moment. Tact is your birthright. Use it now. ★ You can be the cement that holds together a group of people otherwise inclined to fall apart. Your appeal to their loyalty should galvanize them into effective action. ★ Advertise your talents, show your mettle, and your audience will respond. If promoted to a more important post, remember you are on trial, so do your best. ★ Don't talk back to the boss unless you can produce proof of everything you say. If in doubt about any phase of your work, don't guess, but seek advice. ★ Should the pay-envelope be bigger than the work itself, never mind. You can use experience as a stepping-stone. Start regular savings and head for independence. ★ Work done in congenial company should be enjoyable. When you are one of a team you can progress faster than on your own. Volunteer workers are keen.	★ Going into one of those domestic tidying which turn the homestead upside down? The early spring-cleaner finds a reward, perhaps treasure, under the roof. ★ If you have entertaining on your mind, do it now. Whether it's afternoon-tea with old friends or neighbors, or whether a party with all the trimmings, it succeeds. ★ Some are moving into new quarters and dreaming up ways to make the most of what's available. If you have built or bought a new house you'll have no time to spare. ★ Some trot off to demonstrations or join classes in dressmaking or decorating. These are great fun if you take a friend. You learn new ways to beautify your home. ★ If a parent you probably fulfill a wish of the children which is extravagant but greatly desired. The purchase of clothing for the family may loom largely. ★ Your own needs may, for a change, come first. Ordinary domestic affairs may wait while you raise your morale. A renewed interest in appearance is fine. ★ Steady progress through sticking to plans can work wonders. Don't hog down in detail, but watch the collective. Business shows an upward turn through planning. ★ Your place may become a home from home for a number of folks. This could mean entertaining the visit of a relative, or putting up several friends of the family. ★ Your home may be on parade this week, so be ready. Dress early, have beds made, and dishes washed, for the day may bring forth surprises. ★ If a gardener you may desert indoors for outdoors. A new scheme for the backyard could be highly successful. If a flat-dweller, new house-plants. ★ Stretching the budget to cover a new gadget or amenity can be fun. Some complete a final payment, others hover on the brink of new acquisitions. ★ A birthday party, a wedding anniversary, or a family reunion of grown-up sons and daughters is one of those happy occasions when the homemaker really shines.	★ Perhaps you and the beloved are so busy with your occupations or concentration on some social project that there is little time for romance. ★ If young and impressionable, romance brings the sudden realization that you have met the one and only who will be the biggest factor in your life henceforth. ★ You may not be domesticated, but a display of home and fireside interests can arouse a warm glow in the heart of any boy. If you can cook, he's yours for life. ★ Plan a few little journeys to strange places, or make a pilgrimage to one which has sentimental recollections for you, and you'll find your romance is flourishing. ★ Going shopping with the one you love best? This might mean the purchase of that oh-so-important engagement ring or a sentimental present. ★ Right out of a clear sky some receive an offer of marriage or, if you are still too young for that, a declaration of love from the boy-friend. ★ Those in love without knowing it may discover the fact through a little nip of jealousy. This should spur you on to attract the attention of the object of your regard. ★ You might meet a fascinating person of the opposite sex on the sports ground or at a club festivity. Acquaintance grows rapidly into friendship, love, and marriage. ★ Should you and your beloved be invited to an important social event or entered in any kind of competition, you should be outstanding, so wear your best. ★ If either you or your beloved is preparing for examinations, cut down on social activities. Career must come first if you are young. Take an interest in his work. ★ The boy who is trying to cut down on fritter money needs support from his girl. His plans for the future must include the financial side, so be sympathetic. ★ Spring brides are coming into the picture, and many a Piscean will be marching up the aisle. Others will be bridesmaids and think a groomsman is terrific.	★ Working with the team is still your best social outlet. You are out to get things done and should shine in any executive capacity. Routine arrangements predominate. ★ Light amusements will probably fill your diary. If you enter any competition, you are likely to be successful, especially if chance is involved. Otherwise, gaiety. ★ You may end an activity and look around for some new interest. In the interval there may be a quiet period during which you cope with social obligations. ★ Eager to be on the go, you would love to sample a dozen social possibilities. Meeting friends of friends could be a path to new worlds. Curiosity can be a powerful urge. ★ You may be concerned with the finances of an organization or a fund-raising campaign. You may be making a practical contribution of time and services for a cause. ★ A pleasant reward may be reaped for past efforts. This could be anything from a formal vote of thanks to merely your own knowledge that the task is over. ★ Some stay home pursuing hobbies, reading, or catching up on personal affairs. Others visit less-fortunate or lonely people and find the joy of bringing happiness. ★ You go flat out and mix merrily with all ages, but especially with the young and carefree. The impromptu occasion, the informal meeting appeal. ★ Be ready to return compliments when they are showered on you, for you are going to be in the public eye, and the impression you make is important. ★ You may work indirectly through others' co-operation. You may pull the strings, but few will be aware of that. You may be asked to use your influence. ★ Taking everything seriously, you make resolutions and stick to them. You may see less of people who have little to give you socially or intellectually, and cultivate others. ★ It might be a family outing, a trip to the theatre or concert-hall, or just dinner in town with friend husband, but whatever form it takes you'll enjoy it to the full.
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WHAT A HANDSOME
 PRESENT! THE
 ARISTOCRAT AT 42/6



men and get them into a fighting mood. Fight—that's what she liked best. Fight a horse, fight a marlin, fight a gale, fight a man. Watch wrestlers and boxers and cockfights and bullfights, the gorier the better.

Once Thumbs said to Glenn: 'If Tracey were a queen there wouldn't be a day of peace for her people, because peace bores her.' And Glenn answered, but not quite seriously: 'Tracey is a queen.' Well, that was during the time when he was gone on her, and that's past history—or is it?

'I mean, now that we're in the war she'll whoop it up, but good,' said Thumbs, and he also said that he had never seen a man yet who wasn't crazy about her—not excluding himself. 'At that, there's no nonsense about her, no red nail polish, high heels, and all that junk. But, boy oh boy, when she wants you to notice that she is a woman—there's something around her that makes the air fairly crackle, so charged is it with rays or vibrations or whatever it is you call sex.'

So that night Tracey wanted to have a good time and go slumming, and slumming in Mazatlan before they cleaned up the town meant slumming. They piled into a dilapidated taxi. Tracey, the prince, Thumbs, and the doctor—Hakson was his name, a silent boy; probably he was only a med. student whom she had picked up somewhere. The driver took them to what one might politely call the amusement centre.

Up there the streets are ditches where you get stuck in the muck and mud. Black pigs tripping you up, half-naked babies playing in the gutter at all hours of the night, and behind the half doors of the bars and night-clubs men laughing and singing and strumming their guitars. They told the taxi to wait at the corner, and for a while they were cruising on foot up and down the street until they finally landed at a place called La Conchita.

It was about the best place you could find in Mazatlan at

Continuing . . . Written on Water

from page 40

that time, the very best, but far from good. Just a bar and a few tables and a four-by-four dance floor and a three-man band thumping away for dear life. Along one wall the girls were lined up in a row, heavily made-up and with flowers stuck behind their ears. The men were mostly better-class Mexicans, plus a sprinkling of sailors on shore leave, one lonely fisherman, not young, but slicked up and very proud of his pair of very new, horribly fancy shoes.

There was one table of American tourists, and when Tracey's party marched in, single file, they stared at her, coldly hostile, while the natives didn't seem to notice her at all—their peculiar way of being polite. Thumbs had often noticed that all women were Tracey's enemies at first sight and he didn't blame them. His own mother would have stared at her with the same cold air of disapproval.

SHE wore canvas shoes and white ducks and a man's polo shirt, open at the neck. Except for that rebellious honey-colored hair of hers she looked like an impudent young cabin boy.

The safest drink in any port is beer, so that's what they ordered. The prince was in an exceptionally nasty mood, built upon a good foundation of the Orca's excellent cognac. At once he pretended to be terribly interested in the girls at the other side of the room. Of course it took more than that to get a rise out of Tracey. As a matter of fact, she kept staring towards the bar, her eyes focused on a man sitting there.

That man was Glenn Hammers.

The last time Thumbs had run into him had been in Vera Cruz. He'd been busy promoting something that had to do with kelp. He was full of ideas about forming a company, buying a certain old Swedish freighter and shipping the

kelp to God knows where—Japan, perhaps.

You could always be sure to run into Glenn in some port or other. Sometimes he was on the crest of a wave and sometimes way under, but always on the tracks of some fantastic adventure; and involved in it was always the idea of buying a boat.

You might have called Glenn a sort of glorified beachcomber, except that no beachcomber was made of the stuff Glenn is. 'Hard and durable,' said Thumbs, 'and a real guy through and through.'

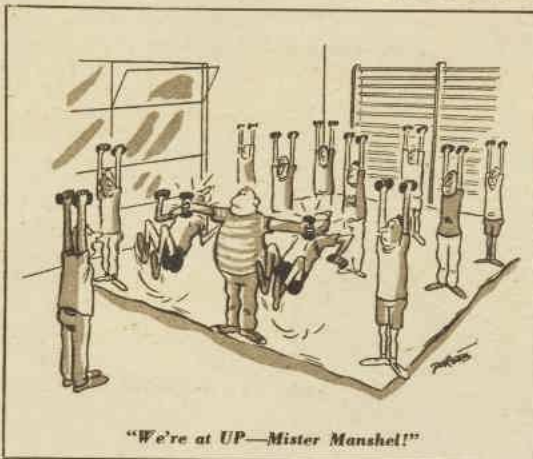
This time he was down on his luck, that much was clear. He was growing a beard, a

asked Tracey after he had watched her staring at Glenn for some time.

'I'd like to dance with him,' she answered without even looking at her husband. She kept on staring at Glenn, who, in turn, didn't take notice of her at all. He was intently watching the dancing of a girl on the small floor.

That girl was Vida.

Thumbs had seen her at the Conchita before but had never talked to her. In spite of the sort of place it was, you couldn't simply talk to her without further ceremony; there was something about her that kept men in their place. She was said to be the daughter of Tia Teresa, the fat, old Indian woman who owned the joint. Vida would dance for the customers



funny-looking almost white fuzz on his tanned face; his white linen suit was soiled, some buttons missing and the buttonholes frayed. What shocked Thumbs most was that he wore no shoes, but guarachas like the poor Mexicans. If you want to know how far down a man has gone, you've just got to take a look at his footgear, was one of Thumbs' maxims.

'What fascinates you so about that down-and-out?' the prince

of the Conchita and sometimes also with them; she would supervise the two waiters, act as hostess to the customers and take the side of the girls when there was trouble. But she definitely wasn't the sort of dame to whom you could simply step up and say: 'How about it, babe?'

There wasn't exactly a floor show in the Conchita, but when Vida began dancing the others stepped automatically aside and

watched her, clapping their hands and firing her on with their shouts and cries.

It wasn't the sort of phony Spanish dance you get to see in the floor show of some New York night-club with some Latin name. It was much cruder and very much livelier, although more innocent and down to earth.

She wore one of those Mexican wide colored skirts which make women look like flowers. Vida was completely lost in her dancing and the stomping and shouting and clapping around her grew louder and more excited from minute to minute.

DO you get the situation? There is Glenn, slowly sipping his beer at the counter and staring at Vida, dancing. And there is Tracey, staring at Glenn as if he were something to be caught or chased or shot or killed; and there is her husband, getting pretty sore, in his polished way.

'A tramp—' he says.

'Obviously,' Tracey says, not turning a glance from the man at the bar.

'He has fleas—'

'Possibly.'

'I suppose he doesn't smell nice either.'

'That stands to reason,' Tracey said. 'Go over, darling, and invite him to have a bottle of tequila with us. Or champagne. Or whatever he prefers to get drunk on.'

Thumbs wasn't sure did she mean it or did she just want to see her husband pick a fight with Glenn Hammers. Thumbs never liked to get into brawls and so he said quickly: 'Never mind, we're old friends. I've known him since we were boys. I'll ask him if he cares to join us.'

And with that he went over to the bar and stood next to Glenn, who didn't notice him at first because he was too absorbed in watching Vida. His eyes followed her wherever she turned, and when she stopped dancing and left the room

amidst a big noise from the men he took a deep breath, as if he were coming up for air. And then he kept on staring at the door through which she had disappeared, as if not to miss the moment when she would return.

'Hiya, Glenn,' said Thumbs, and Glenn looked up at last and said: 'Hiya, Thumbs,' as quietly as if they had made a special appointment to meet at that bar in Mazatlan. Thumbs asked him what he had been doing lately and he said that he had taken tourists down the Santiago River for shooting alligators; at night he made them pitch their tent in what he told them was the alligators' mating ground.

'They thought it very dangerous, and romantic, too,' he said with his dry chuckle. 'Gives them something to brag about when they get back home. But, Lord, how it smelt there among the mangroves and with those alligators burping all night long.'

It was clear that he was fed up with the enterprise and also that it hadn't earned him any money at all. But after a glass of tequila he came to life and began telling about a new plan he had; going down under, to New South Wales, to try some shark fishing on a commercial basis. He said they were very successful with it, and hadn't Thumbs heard about it and what did he think of it? Yes, Thumbs said he remembered hearing that some guy had at last discovered a process of curing and tanning shark hides and that shoes and bags made of it were becoming the fashion. Was that what he had in mind?

No, Glenn said, he had his eye on something quite different, but he couldn't talk about it yet. He was waiting for the outcome of a certain correspondence and then he would show them a thing or two about shark fishing. It sounded very nebulous and Thumbs grew more sceptical the more enthusiastic Glenn waxed. He talked a lot about a seventy-foot power launch with a twin diesel engine he wanted to buy and

To page 45

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YOUR HOME MEANS MORE WITH TUFTON CARPETS ON THE FLOOR

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 21, 1957

Continuing . . . Written on Water

from page 43

Thumbs felt sorry for his old friend.

Glenn had always some fantastic plans like that and every one of them climaxed in the dream of having a boat of his own.

But what he really wanted and what he was made for was to stand on the bridge of a good, fine destroyer—and there he was, beached, not even able to get himself a new pair of shoes.

Well, finally Thumbs presented the invitation. 'The prince wants me to ask you if you would care to join us,' he said with unaccustomed formality, knowing how ticklish a man will be when he feels that he is on the skids.

'Who?' he asked back. 'Tracey. Tracey Cowles. You must have heard of her; her name is in the society pages and the gossip columns all the time. She owns the Orca—that's the yacht I'm on. And she would like to meet you.'

'Oh, she would, would she?' he said, turning around and staring at Tracey.

He has funny eyes, Glenn has, Thumbs said. You might say that they have no color of their own at all. Just like sea water. All you get is a reflection; blue, green, black.

Now he stared at Tracey and his eyes were very light. Tracey stared back insolently, not batting an eyelid. After he had examined her from head to toe he turned back to the bar.

'Thanks, Thumbs,' he said. 'Tell the lady I'm not interested.'

'Look here, Glenn, no use getting sore. Tracey is a good gal once you get to know her, and it mightn't do you any harm meeting her. If she is in the mood she can buy you a whole fleet of high-powered motor launches.'

'Tell her to go to blazes,' he said impatiently, because at that moment Vida had come back from behind the scrape that hung there as a curtain and he got up abruptly and walked towards her. However, the Indian with those hideous new shoes intercepted her and after a few words she began dancing with him.

GLENN lit a cigarette to cover up his disappointment and remained standing near the floor to wait for his turn. When Thumbs returned to the table he found Tracey still staring at Glenn; she was trying to get his attention and when she couldn't get it she became obstinate.

She kept on poking fun at her husband and he got sorer and drunker all the time. At last

he got up, muttering something disagreeable in his own Hungarian. It looked as if he would go over and start trouble with Glenn. Instead he changed his course, ended up on the dance floor, and tried to take Vida away from the middle-aged Mexican she was dancing with. But Vida didn't seem to care for a dance with His Highness Ladislaus Prince Barany; the prince grew rude and tried to yank her away from her partner.

He could speak many languages, but Spanish was not among them, and, as always

Never lend books, for no one ever returns them; the only books I have in my library are books that other people have lent me.
—Anatole France.

when he got excited, he fell back into his own loud Hungarian. There was plenty of noise and commotion, what with some of the girls screaming, the Mexicans swearing in Spanish, the American tourists anxiously calling for their check, the prince shouting curses and threats, and the sailors closing in on him, in hopes of a good free-for-all.

It was exactly the thing to amuse Tracey, who sat quietly smiling, a glint in her eyes, a cigarette between her lips. She looked like a cat sitting under a tree and waiting for a bird to come down to her. When Thumbs got up to interfere she held his arm. 'Don't,' she said. 'This is fun.'

Suddenly one of the girls on the dance floor gave a shrill scream, and when the Mexican flung up his arm he had a knife in it.

In all the noise and excitement Vida remained very quiet. There is always such a little pool of tranquillity around her, especially when things are coming to a pitch. 'Don't be a fool, you—loco—' she said in broken English to the prince, and 'Give me that knife, Manuelito,' she said just as quietly to the Mexican.

Reluctantly he dropped his hand with the knife, but the prince was too drunk by then to give in. Or maybe he would have given in had not Tracey called something to him that sounded like the crack of a whip. It was French and

Thumbs didn't quite understand it, but it made Ladislaus go up into the air. He turned away from the Mexican and against Vida, and even if you understood neither Hungarian nor French you knew that he called her some nasty names.

It was only then that Glenn walked up to the floor and took a stand at her side, although he didn't like dance-hall fights any better than Thumbs did. You'll always find that men who know their own strength don't like fighting about nothing. 'Leave the girl alone—you—' he said, taking Vida's hand and trying to lead her away from the floor, but she resisted.

'You stay out of this, no?' she said to him, almost gently. 'This matter does not concern you. I can handle it alone.'

Glenn stood there, hesitating, then he shrugged and turned away to go back to the bar. Everything might still have calmed down had the prince not shoved his fist into Glenn's face. Glenn blocked it, more or less nonchalantly. 'Leave me alone. I don't fight with drunken men,' he said. The prince went up against him once more, calling something insulting in French. Glenn pushed him back once more and said, still quietly: 'All right, so I'm a coward, but I don't fight with men below my weight.'

VIDA tried to pull the prince away from Glenn and suddenly Thumbs saw Barany reel around and slap her in the face. The next moment all hell was loose; Glenn gave him just one good wallop and he went down. Manuel had his knife again, the girls screamed, the men pushed forward, and the prince, mad with rage—or else frightened—came up once more and whipped out the gun he always carried in his pocket.

Tracey had jumped up on her chair to watch from up there, as though it were the finish of a horse race. Glenn knocked the gun from the hand of the prince and lashed out at him with his left at the same time. After that Thumbs didn't know exactly what happened, except that he felt it was time to participate in the fight.

Even placid Dr. Hakanson suddenly leaped into the arena, giving and receiving indiscriminate blows. In fact, they never found out if it was Manuel's knife that hurt Glenn or a beer glass Hakanson broke over his head.

But whatever and whoever it

To page 46

IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

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was, in the end they found themselves in the street, dragging the bleeding Glenn along.

They heard the shrill sound of a police whistle. The shuffle of many feet was after them and Tracey organised a hasty retreat. 'Let's go to the taxi, quick,' she called to the dazed men. 'I don't want to spend the night in gaol; not in Mazatlan, anyway.' She still seemed to think it all good fun although she had two knocked-out men in her party: Ladislav Barany, who hung groggily over Hakanson's shoulder, and Glenn Hammers, whom Thumbs had pulled away with him from the Conchita when his legs had sagged under him.

He had a nasty cut all over his skull, beginning at the forehead and going clear over his cranium and down to his neck; it was bleeding profusely and his hair and face looked a sticky, rusty mess. Tracey put him up on his feet, linking her arm under his armpit, and Thumbs did the same on the other side, and thus they dragged him to the taxi. The driver was careering to the harbor with his load, making a tremendous and ironical noise with his horn. Glenn was still completely out. The prince came to, muttering something in French, but she paid no attention to him.

They found their dinghy tied to the jetty, and took off briskly. After getting out through the narrow channel between the red and green light buoys, the water was black, full of yellow wriggling moon snakes. The Orca stood white and neat and pretty out there as the beam of Creston Light showed her up for a second. Tracey dipped her handkerchief into the water and wanted to wash Glenn's cut and Thumbs said: 'Don't. The water is filthy with bacteria.'

Tracey kept the handkerchief trailing in the water and Hakanson remarked: 'If they smell the blood we'll have them on our tracks in no time.'

'Who? The Mexicans?' Tracey asked.

'No. The sharks,' Hakanson answered.

Continuing . . .

'I like sharks,' Tracey said. 'They're so stupid. And so sincere.'

At this cue—sharks—Glenn Hammers came to as if an alarm had been sounded. He sat up, shook his head and fumbled in his pocket for his pipe, but didn't find it. 'Sharks are very useful animals,' he remarked conversationally. His sudden resurrection was so funny that they all burst out laughing, even the sullen prince. Glenn looked from one to the other, still rather dazed.

GLENN scrutinised Tracey and she kept on smiling at him. 'Oh, so it's you,' he said. 'All right. You win.' 'Tell us more about sharks,' she said very friendly. 'What's so useful about them?'

'The skin, for instance,' he said. 'They'll pay good money for a good hide. And you can boil the liver and make cod-liver oil from it. Three pesos for five gallons.'

'I always thought cod-liver oil came from cod,' Hakanson said.

'That's because you're a doctor,' Glenn said.

'Tell us more about sharks,' Tracey said. 'Do they make nice pets? Can you train them like retrievers? Do they get attached to you and refuse their food when you die?'

Glenn didn't listen to them. He looked out across the bay where the Orca came quickly closer. 'What's that?' he said.

'That's a yacht, my dear,' Tracey said agreeably. 'That's one of those contraptions on which people sail across the water. Never seen a boat before?'

Glenn didn't give her any answer; he only looked at her. And there was something in his expression, something so grim and bitter and contemptuous, that—amazingly—Tracey cast down her eyes. Even her eyelashes had that color of spilled honey.

They didn't go to bed at all

Written on Water

from page 45

that night. They sat on deck and heard the fishes plop and saw the moon wane and the sun come up in a blast of green clouds, as if a basketful of unripe apples had been spilled. They had drinks and cigarettes and talk and more drinks and more talk. Tracey took her husband into a corner and he came back, all sobered up and polished, and politely apologised and invited Glenn to come below, take a shower, and help himself to one of his own linen suits.

It was a queer moment when he popped up on deck after he had changed; clean and fresh and smart-looking, well-shaven, the cut swabbed with iodine and closed with adhesive tape. He certainly didn't look like a

beachcomber then. Thumbs watched Tracey quickly take out a lipstick and paint her mouth, a thing she hadn't done since they had left Catalina. But it was lost on Glenn.

He had no eyes for her, he only looked at the boat. There is something about a man who knows ships and the sea that would give him away in any disguise the moment he walks the planks of a deck again. While Glenn examined and discussed the Orca with Thumbs, Tracey watched him, her left eyebrow cocked, as was her habit when she was on the scent of something.

'So you know what a boat is, after all,' she said.

'Don't you think it's time you introduced me to the princess, Thumbs?' Glenn said, and somehow he made the title sound like an insult.

'Tracey,' said Thumbs, 'this is Captain Glenn Hammers. We're old friends, from the time we were boys, both attached to the Navy, so to speak. His father was Admiral Hammers and mine was Jake Thumborn, shipfitter second class.'

'Oh—' she said, and caught herself. 'Oh—now I know who you are. The black sheep of the San Francisco Hammers?'

'Yes, I suppose that sums it up nicely.'

'Delighted to make your acquaintance, Captain. I've heard all sort of stories about you. We should have met much sooner. I think we have a lot in common.'

'For instance?'

'For instance, that we are incapable of sitting still or obeying orders or living a safe, normal, dull life like other people. We like a little taste of danger—am I right?'

Glenn shrugged, but his attention was caught.

'Isn't that why you got yourself court-martialled and kicked out of the Navy?' Tracey asked quickly.

'Sorry to disappoint you, I simply quit—with no great damage to my honor. After a hushed-up fist fight with some drunken little commander. Naturally there was some noise within the family about it because the Hammers have always been married to the Navy, and I left to spare them further embarrassment.'

'But you did join a gang and become a rum-runner?'

'It would have been fun, I dare say. Unfortunately the golden age of prohibition was over when I quit.'

'Well, why did you quit? Or is it a secret?'

'I'll tell you why,' he said, abruptly focusing his eyes on Tracey's face. 'Because it bored me. It bored me so I felt like rotting inside. It was all routine, routine, routine. It was keeping books and signing on the dotted line and filling out forms and blanks and nonsense in triplicate. It was obeying orders and waiting to be fished and become a commander myself.'

'And did you never regret that you quit?'

'Not for a minute,' he answered, locking up some inner compartment. 'I'm leading exactly and perfectly the life I like.'

'Really?' she said. 'Really?' She got up and stood for a moment close at his side, with her hand resting lightly on his arm. 'But you still haven't got what you are dreaming of. Danger. Adventure. To stand on the bridge of a ship and bring her through a good, stiff gale. You do like sailing. You do like boats. And you haven't got one.'

'I do like ships,' Glenn said. 'But don't ask me about my dreams.'

Tracey pretended not to hear him. Standing behind him, she gently touched his hair around the cut where Hakanson hadn't shaved it.

'Well—I'm tired,' she said.

To page 47

SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

A WORKMATE of my husband dropped into our home one evening recently. After I had got the youngsters safely tucked in bed after nearly an hour's lively interlude, our visitor said quietly: 'I wish I could have been a little boy in this house.'

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. V. Kellon, The Valley, Gladstone, Queensland.

Send your entries to 'The Nicest Compliment' or 'The Best Backhander,' The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

WHEN invited to dinner at a friend's home one night, we were kept waiting for quite a while for another guest to arrive. When he did he was most apologetic and said to our host:

'I had to finish some work at the office after going to a funeral. One of those funerals I had to go to.'

'Well,' said our host, 'I hope you won't go to my funeral just because you feel you have to.'

'Don't be silly, John,' was the answer. 'You know I'd be only too pleased to go to your funeral.'

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. C. Fogarty, 3 Curral Road, Elsternwick, Vic.

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lightly. 'I'm going to take a nap now and do a little dreaming myself. Don't ask me about what or whom. I have an idea that someday we might swap our dreams—or match them and see who is stronger. Goodnight, Captain—or rather, good-morning.'

'By heavens, she's a beauty,' Glenn said after she was gone. 'The princess? Yes, if she wants to,' said Thumbs.

'The princess?' said Glenn. 'Don't be silly. I'm talking about the Orca.'

The morning after that brawl they were to take off for the Revillagigedo, and Thumbs was impatient because if they missed going out with the high tide they'd never get across the sand-bank. Tracey had taken a quick nap in her bunk and Glenn had fallen asleep in the saloon while Thumbs tinkered around his motor with an oil-can.

Over her breakfast Tracey suddenly said somewhat nonchalantly: 'Well, Captain Hammers, how would you like to spend a week with us? There is still an empty bunk in Thumbs' cabin and they say Clarion Island is a veritable paradise for fishing.'

When she saw him hesitate with the answer she added quickly: 'My husband is delighted to have you with us, and I can promise you heaps of fun. Plus the biggest marlin you ever brought to gaff.'

'I'm very sorry,' he said diffidently, 'but I have to remain in Mazatlan on some very important business matter. Besides—I'd make a poor passenger on a pleasure cruise; I have a regrettable weakness for sailing my own craft.'

Tracey was getting angry; she kept on smiling but her nostrils were like white wax in her tanned face—they always were when things didn't go the way she wanted. 'That's too bad, Captain, because I'm afraid it's too late now,' she said, and, indeed, the Orca was beginning to shiver as the engine got started and her anchor came up. 'If I had known

Continuing . . .
I would have sent you ashore in the dinghy.'

'Oh, don't bother, Princess,' said Glenn. 'I can swim ashore. Easily.'

HE went to the railing and began peeling off his shirt, or rather her husband's shirt: calling her bluff with a somewhat melodramatic bluff of his own, the king might have been practising on the tourists he took out shooting alligators. But, strangely, Tracey fell for it.

'Don't, you fool! The water is full of sharks!' she cried, and as he only laughed and swung himself up on the railing, balancing for a moment on the top rail, getting ready for a dive, she threw her arms around his middle to pull him down. 'Thumbs, stop the motor—watch out—Oh, you fool, you thick-headed—unbearable—preposterous fool—' she panted, or sobbed, or cursed, all the while holding on to Hammers.

They were fighting, wrestling; this was not bluffing and teasing any longer but something dead serious, as animals are serious—male and female—in their contests of strength. They fought in silence, body on body, nothing to be heard but their hot, fast breathing. Suddenly, in a frenzy, Tracey dug her teeth into Glenn's hand with a small inarticulate cry. 'You little beast!' he shouted, because in his surprise he had lost his balance on the rail and landed back on the deck.

In a way it was a victory for Tracey. He held her for a second in such a furious, tight grip, as though he wanted to break a few of her bones, and then he pushed her away.

Blinking into the sharp morning light, the prince's hangover-face appeared at that moment over the top of the companion-way. 'Did you call me? Is anything the matter?'

'Nothing, dear. Captain Hammers wants to say good-

Written on Water

from page 46

bye to you. Thumbs, will you tell one of the boys to take him ashore?' Tracey said nonchalantly, crossing her arms over her shirt, which had become undone during the tussle.

'Oh, really? Must you leave, Captain? That's too bad,' said her husband, full of sickness and good manners.

'I'm so dreadfully sorry, but I really must. Thanks ever so much for your kind hospitality,' said Hammers, making a parody of it all.

As he stood there with his chest bare, waiting for the boat



to be lowered, Thumbs could see how thin he was, all bones and sinews and poor times. A bit yellow around the eyes, too, and there were goose-pimples on his arm and he was shivering and a new bit of blood was seeping through the bandage on his head.

'You aren't feeling very chipper. Want a drink?' Thumbs asked him just before he jumped into the dinghy, but Glenn only grinned.

'A tiny touch of wound fever, maybe, from that little scratch. Not the rabies, I hope. Someone ought to take Her Highness on a leash and teach her to heel and not to bite

strangers. Well—he seeing you, I suppose.'

I wonder—Thumbs thought to himself. He watched him taking off; he looked gaunt and terribly tired. True, Glenn Hammers had an unpredictable way of always bobbing up again, and in the most unexpected places. On the other hand, a man of his kind has heavy odds against an average life expectancy—as the insurance companies call it.

In fact, he might have died during the next two weeks, in Mazatlan of all places, if it hadn't been for Vida.

At that time Glenn Hammers lived in a shabby little inn, El Aguila, by no means for the local color it offered but on account of his financial condition. He owed Senor Hernandez two weeks' room and board and he had, so to speak, given himself in collateral, himself and the mysterious letter which he expected any day to arrive and set him afloat again. Yet what arrived instead was a good strong attack of malaria.

The roaring headaches, the burning in his veins, as from a million icy needles, the chills, the trembling, shaking, rattling in the grip of the fever. Then the several hells of delirium roaring through his head, the losing all sense of reality, the raging nightmares in which his body was fighting, writhing in convulsions of which he knew nothing.

Once in a while he would come to, utterly exhausted, to find himself on a bed soaked with his own sweat. He would recognise his mean little room, the walls upon which countless scorpions squashed by former tenants formed a weird pattern. He would touch the throbbing wound on his head, unable to remember when, where, and how he had acquired it—an added minor torture. The fever had sharpened his senses and he felt assaulted by an unbearable mixture of

To page 52

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Note: If ordering by mail send to address on page 89. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 615 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 21, 1954

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER

At 57, Boyer is still the great lover

● Great lovers never die. Nor, if they're Charles Boyer, do they even fade away. Boyer, who since the war has shuttled between Europe and America to make movies, is still a romantic screen spellbinder.



CANDID shot of Boyer, minus toupee, taken when he was leaving for a holiday with his wife and son.

THE list of his recent leading ladies in films made in France and Italy reads like a who's who of Europe's greatest vamps.

First there's Sophia Loren. She starred with Boyer in "The Luck to be a Woman."

There's Martine Carol, who rivals Brigitte Bardot for the title of France's Marilyn Monroe.

And he has starred with Brigitte, too — in his latest film, "A Parisienne."

His fiercest screen partner was the petite Françoise Arnoul, who not long ago returned from a triumphal tour of America.

Boyer has confronted this dizzying line-up of cinematic temptresses with his usual suave equanimity. He is accustomed to the world's most gorgeous women, and they have not succeeded in turning a hair of his high-domed head. Maybe that is because he has little hair left to turn.

Now 57, he wears a toupee on the screen, but the aura of immense charm, the sartorial

splendor, the great Gallic aplomb are all there.

And, above all, the Boyer voice—rich as sauce Bernaise, and sounding like a deep and undying vow of love whenever he speaks to a woman.

Yet he has been supremely happily married for 23 years

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to Pat Patterson, who gave up stardom to be his wife. No breath of scandal or hint of disharmony has ever touched their marriage.

In those years he has been in an unrivalled position to judge the world's most celebrated actresses, from Garbo to Brigitte Bardot.

France is violently divided about Brigitte Bardot on the question of whether she is a true star or just a lucky pin-up with a series of somewhat scandalous films.

Boyer says, shaking his head: "I don't know why there should be this fuss. Brig-

itte is a star. What I like about her is her vivacity, her looks, and her 'little savage' quality."

It is this gallantry which makes Charles Boyer adored by his fellow actors. He looks on the extravagant behaviour of his colleagues with tolerance.

Of Danielle Darrieux he said, "Danielle and I first filmed together way back in 1935. She was very young, already a star, but our film gave her her first big dramatic chance. It was 'Mayerling'."

"People speak nowadays of her having a 'second career.' Well, I co-starred with her not so long ago in a Max Ophuls film called 'Madame De' and to me her work simply shows the maturing of a fine actress."

Of Martine Carol, one of the most modest of all the great stars, Boyer said: "Coming from America I had never seen any of her big films — and Martine was already a super star. But she had not become grand."

About Sophia Loren he was as diplomatic as ever — while managing to say what he wanted to.

"She gave me the impression of being an extraordinary gourmand for glory, ready to climb even higher. But her ambition is without an odious side."



CHARLES BOYER, who at 57 will be playing love scenes with 18-year-old French actress Christine Carere in the film version of Françoise Sagan's best-selling novel "A Certain Smile."

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WHO WILL SUCCEED GRACE KELLY?



"CASHMERE-KNIT" girl, delightful Inger Stevens, is one of the favorite nominees. Her contract has just been renewed, and she has been put into two new films called "Cry Terror" and "I Thank a Fool."

★ Hollywood studios are feverishly looking for the girl they can develop into Grace Kelly's successor—the cool beauty, the pearls and white gloves wearer, the cashmere twin-set girl who can step into the "lady" roles that Grace made her own.

Joan Fontaine has the cool detached beauty, Deborah Kerr the lady-like quality. But both these are already established personalities and—it must be faced—they are too old.

The actress who steps

FILM FAN-FARE

into the gaping void created by Grace's marriage and retirement must be a still reasonably fresh face to filmgoers. She must be able to walk confidently into a drawing-room, to wear long white gloves without looking as if she were in fancy dress.

The new Grace Kelly could be one of the young actresses now being groomed by the studios or an unknown yet to make her debut. Pictured here are some possible contenders for the throne.



ENTRANT from Fox, Patricia Owens, got her first big chance in "Island in the Sun" with a "lady" role. Since then she's been in "Sayonara" with Marlon Brando. She's under a long-term contract.



BLOND BEAUTY
Martha Hyer played a society girl in "Sabrina" and was given a long-term Universal contract as reward. She next plays Rock Hudson's wife in the film "Battle Hymn."



LEE REMICK, of the beautiful eyes, the unknown contender. Her debut in "A Face in the Crowd" was guided by brilliant Elia Kazan. Her clear beauty is already right in the Grace Kelly tradition.



UNDER CONTRACT to Alfred Hitchcock for the next five years, poised and slender Vera Miles is already referred to as "the Kelly type." She was in "The Searchers" and "The Wrong Man."

Written on Water

from page 47

stanches, as people often feel just before the outbreak of insanity. The squashed scorpions would once more move from the walls towards him, the hairy tarantulas, giant spiders, the alligators, the hellhounds of delirium, and he would begin to rave again.

When Hernandez, in spite of his fat two hundred pounds, was unable to hold the raving man down on his bed, he summoned a friend who was just delivering some fish in the kitchen, a certain Manuel Perez—incidentally, the same man who had been dancing with Vida in La Conchita and wanting to kill all gringos; though now he felt only a morose, Indian kind of pity for Glenn.

The two men sat down on the sick gringo's chest and thighs, but with the mad strength of his delirium he

had brought with her. This she dribbled on his lips; she washed his face and cleaned the inflamed and infected cut on his head: simple services which he accepted with the passivity of a newborn—or one dying.

But the moment she left his side he began to rave again, worse than ever.

It was then that Vida sent Manuel for a taxi and took Glenn Hammers with her to Tia Teresa's house.

Whenever Glenn had a clear moment during the next three days and nights he found Vida sitting at his bedside, her dark Indian eyes watching him, serious and intent. On a small table behind her stood a cheap figure of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and the flicker of a tiny flame in a ruby glass shed a soft reflection upon Vida's blue-black hair, painted the outline of her high cheekbones and hung a little glint to the ends of her thick long eyelashes.

'Vida? Are you here?' he would whisper, not quite able to separate the reality from the dreams.

'Yes, senor. I am here. At your service,' she would answer, and perhaps she would test his temperature with the back of her fingers on his forehead. His mother had done it like this when he was a little boy and sick, he remembered. He smiled contentedly and closed his eyes. The wound on his scalp didn't throb and he was not delirious any longer. Most of the time he slept himself back to health.

But after a few more days he rose out of the luxurious exhaustion and began to grow restless and impatient. The important letter still hadn't arrived. Manuel was despatched each morning to the post office, but always came back with an impressive shrug of his shoulders and his palms turned up, empty.

'Nada?'

'Nada, senor. Nothing.'

MANUEL made himself very useful around Vida, too much so, Glenn thought, with not an inkling yet that the small sharp stabs he felt at Manuel's frequent presence meant that he was jealous. There was, for instance, the little matter of the pin she wore. A puny little pin with six lustreless, uneven but real pearls. Then one day the pin was gone.

'Lost your pretty pin, Vida?' 'No, senor. I gave it to the Holy Virgin. I promised it to her when you were so very sick and, you see, she made you well, yes?'

'Yes, I see—' Glenn said, amused, touched, and embarrassed. 'So now I owe you another pin. Or how would you like a pearl necklace?'

'Please, do not perturb yourself, senor. Manuel says he will give me a better one if he goes pearling again to La Paz. These pearls were poor, he couldn't have sold them in any case.'

Glenn chewed a bit on this. 'I take it, Manuel is your favorite at present?'

'I do not quite understand, senor. Forgive me for being ignorant, but I have very little schooling, I only understand simple words. If you ask me do I like Manuelito? Yes, I like him. He is a good man.' She turned her tranquil gaze to Glenn. 'He wants me to marry him as soon as he can find his wife.'

'Wait a moment—how's that again? If he—what—?'

'It happens she ran away with a waiter from the Hotel

To page 53

The Admirable Crichton



★ Columbia's remake of J. M. Barrie's Edwardian comedy "The Admirable Crichton" features Kenneth More as the perfect butler, Diane Cilento as the "Tweeny" Eliza, Cecil Parker as the idealistic Lord Loam, and Sally Ann Howes as the lovely Lady Mary.

The role of the fearsome dowager Lady Brocklehurst, mother of Sally Ann's intended fiancé, is played hilariously by Martita Hunt.

Island sequences of this technicolor film were shot at Bermuda.

1 ADVANCED OPINIONS of her father, Lord Loam, embarrass Lady Mary, who hopes she will soon become engaged.



2 MIXED REACTIONS from Lord Loam's staff greet the announcement of the butler, Crichton, that their employer is escaping social censure by taking family, friends, and some staff on a six months' cruise. Eliza, who worships Crichton, is going too.

3 WRECKED on a desert island, Crichton quickly assumes command of the entire party. He unbends only to Eliza, whom he saved.



4 INFURIATED that Crichton saved only essentials and not luxuries from the wreck, Lord Loam, forgetting ideas of equality and abetted by haughty Lady Mary, gives him notice.



6 TWO YEARS LATER, with Crichton the acknowledged governor of the island and about to marry Lady Mary, whom he imagines he loves, the marooned party is rescued by a ship that takes them all back to England.

7 BACK in London, all revert to their original characters. Crichton, who has a fortune in pearls, resigns as butler and decides to start a new life with Eliza.

Colonial. Naturally, Manuel cannot honestly marry again until he gets himself divorced of her, and how can he get divorced if he does not know where she is, no?"

Glenn contemplated the middle, which seemed so simple to the Mexican mind. "Do you know, Vida, that the word you use most often is 'naturally'?" he said, smiling. She seemed somewhat puzzled. "Yes, but—naturally—what else?" she said, and began to laugh about herself.

"And, naturally, if Manuel finds his wife, you are going to marry him?"

"How not, señor? His three little boys need a mother. The Chiquitos had only six months when that shameless one ran away. We had to feed the baby goat milk to keep him alive. It is very sad how many babies die in my country," she said. "I was told it is different in yours, señor?" She folded her hands tightly in her lap and looked down on the small stepples formed by her fingers, as she always did when something needed deep reflection.

It is funny, Glenn thought, how well I know her, how familiar all her little habits and expressions have become to me in such a short time. She lifted her chin and looked straight into his eyes. "It passes but not so long ago I thought I should be very content to become Manuel Perez's wife," she said. "But now? Truly, I do not know." Quickly, as if to rub out what she had said, she got up. "And now, you will dispense of me, I shall put on my costume and before I go to work I shall bring you your chocolate to make you sleep well."

The room where Vida nursed Glenn back to health was separated by a patio from the rest of the house, where business went on as usual each night. Glenn could feel the rumbling, plunking, and fiddling of the little band as a vibration in the thick old walls. Sometimes the thought of Vida dancing over there didn't let him sleep.

The cup of foaming hot, sweet chocolate she brought

Continuing . . . Written on Water

from page 52

him before she went to work had become a nightly ritual, like the ones young mothers must observe to put their obstreperous offspring to bed. "Good-night, señor. That you may sleep well and have sweet dreams," Vida would say, bending over him. "Now I must go over and work."

"Nice work if you can get it. To me it looked as if dancing were all fun and enjoyment for you. Or is it the usual act and swindle?"

"I do not understand, señor. What is there to swindle in a dance?"

"Oh, for God's sake—you know what! Get the customers all excited, make them drink, spend a lot—I don't say you don't give them their money's worth, but—"

ON Vida's forehead appeared the little frown, as always when she was weighing his question and her answer. Glenn liked those ridiculous three wrinkles, serious, sly, and innocent; very young kittens had them too.

"Naturally, the girls must earn a living, señor, they must buy food, no? They have obligations to their families. Some have an old mother to take care of and some have a child or two, and all of them have many little sisters and brothers and most of them have a man who beats them black and blue if they don't earn enough. Ay, how I wish I could make life easier for them," she said, folding her hands in a tight gesture of supplication.

"I wasn't speaking of the girls; I was speaking of you," Glenn said, irritated. He was the product of a disillusioned generation, and he had added to it his personal brand of scepticism, acquired in many ports and through many hard knocks. There's nobody as sentimental as those little professionals of the dance halls, he told himself. They're all alike with their hard-luck stories.

Don't be a fool, don't listen, don't believe a word, don't let yourself get caught by these oldest tricks of the trade. I wonder what she expects to get out of it. Another pearl pin from her Manuel—and what from me? I'll buy her a diamond tiara when the letter arrives with a good contract in it; I'll dress her up like a Christmas tree, the little wench, if that's what she's out for, he thought, so angry that it hurt.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



He looked at Vida, and the elaborate structure of his scepticism collapsed in silence. What remained was the fact that Vida had taken him to her own room and bed, was nursing him all her time and care without asking anything in return.

You swine, he said to himself—the cool sweat seeped out on his forehead. He stretched out his hand for hers, which came hesitantly to rest in his palm. "If it hadn't been for you, Vida, I should have died, and it would have served me right," he said in

you. How can you say we are strangers?"

Glenn felt an unknown warmth rise to his cheeks; he also felt a bit dizzy. Must be the malaria, he thought, and held on to Vida's hand.

"I regret it so very much, but now I must leave you. That you may sleep well and have sweet dreams—" she said, and the hand was gently withdrawn.

"Can't you stay a little longer? Please, Vida, please." Her hand came back, pressing lightly down on his eyelids; to Glenn it seemed a caress more intimate and sweeter than a

kiss. "You must sleep now, keep your eyes closed, señor. I am sorry, but now I must work."

"Why must you? What would happen if you stayed away from the Conchita for a night or two?"

"What would happen? Oh, merciful saints, you ought to have seen what happened the three nights I remained here with you because you were so sick! I am responsible for the girls. I am the only one who can handle the men when they get drunk and I must also look after the money that comes in for Tia Teresa, or the waiter will steal the hair from her head."

"Oh, Dona Vida, you are much too reasonable," sighed Glenn, and let go of her hand. She flung it up to her mouth and laughed.

"Oh, Don Galan," she answered gaily (Galan being her version of the unpronounceable Glenn), "where would I be if I hadn't been reasonable when some unreasonable young men wished me to lose my head . . ."

When you listened to Vida, her young life had been a merry chain of one lucky break after another—thanks to the Virgin and her personal saint, San Cristobal. As she spun her fine thread of a story Glenn wandered with her through the streets of her childhood and tried to look at things and people through her big, dark Indian eyes.

"Tell me more about yourself," he would beg her, "where you come from, who your parents were, how you were raised, everything."

"How curious the señor is! But Vida knows so little to tell. It appears I was lucky from my birth on. You see, I was a child of the hollow stone," Vida said, laughing. "Or don't you, gringo, know what that means?"

Yes, Glenn said, he had heard the expression before.

The hollow stone is to be found in front of many orphanages, a block of soft limestone, scooped out to form a cradle, in which a desperate mother might leave her unwanted baby to be raised as a foundling.

"Ay, it was beautiful there in the orphan's home!" Vida exclaimed happily. "So clean, señor, oh, how clean! And the Sisters, they gave me so much of an education!"

They taught her to pray, to knit, to crochet, to embroider, to make paper roses for the chapel and to sing in the choir. They had even started to teach her reading, writing and manipulating figures without having to count on her fingers, when the convent fell upon hard times.

"But there I was lucky again," Vida said, with a little devil dancing in her eyes, "because if I had remained, they would have made a nun of me in the end, and our Lord knows I would have been a most miserable species of a nun."

Instead, lucky again, she was rented to a blind old man, to lead him around on his begging forays. "Such a kind old man, señor! Never once did he beat me, not even when he was very drunk!"

"I'm glad to hear it," muttered Glenn.

They lived in Guadalajara, the most beautiful city in the world, according to Vida; lived happy and free as the birds, alighting always where life was hottest and strongest and gayest: At the railway station when the big train arrived; outside the bullring when there was a bullfight. At the market on market days; on the steps of the cathedral on Sundays and holidays.

Living nowhere in particular and everywhere, with a steady accompaniment of music and laughter, the clinking of coins in the tin cup, the smiles of charitable strangers upon them.

"You have to be a beggar to know how good and generous most people are, señor!" At night they slept safely under the Portales surrounding the Plaza. When it was cold or raining, the old man would take her under his own battered serape and keep her tight and warm. When it was hot she would sometimes wake up to find him chasing the flies away from her face with a dry palm leaf.

"You remind me so much of

To page 55

IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT

3

really the most pleasant trip I've ever had. At the last moment Mother decided to come with us. She always said we would never get her in the air but you can't keep her on the ground now. We naturally booked our seats on the D.C.6. Mother spent all her time in the tail lounge watching the countryside passing underneath, except for mealtime, and I haven't her enjoy a meal so . . . back on

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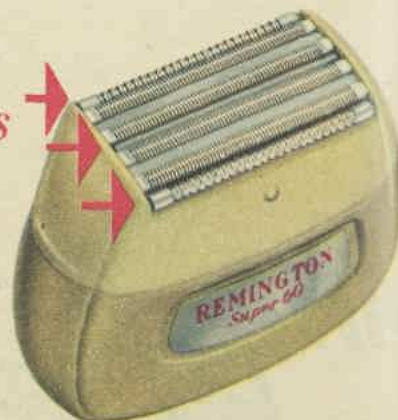
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remove even his Hidden Beard. Ordinary shavers can't do it—they just skim over these valleys. Razors nick and cut. Anyway, what man really wants to put up with messy soap-and-scraper shaving nowadays? End his shaving problems—forever. Give him the new Remington "Rollecomb" Super 60.

him, she said with shimmering eyes.

"I do? How come?" Glenn asked, swallowing the unlikely compliment.

"You are a true caballero, a gentleman, just like the old one," Vida said in full, serious innocence.

"That's how kind he was, senior! He was father and mother to me, as we say, up to his dying hour. Which, by the grace of God, came to him easy and without pain. That his soul may rest in peace eternal."

In Vida's telling, the oldascal emerged as one of the foremost philosophers of our time who had handed his wisdom down to her in great chunks before he broke his neck by falling off a stone wall in a drunken stupor.

More luck yet when she was next picked up by a wandering minstrel show, what they call a carpa, which are Mexico's seedbeds of their best dancers and wittiest vaudevillians. She was taken into the Patron's family; she saw the great wide world—consisting probably of a few hamlets around Lake Chapala—and gained two true friends among the performers; one Pepito, who sang, strummed the guitar, and was an incomparably bright and educated boy; and one Pancho, who could stand on his head, throw somersaults, pull your fortune from a pack of cards and altogether was the cleverest mongrel dog you ever saw. "Oh, what wonderful years we had on the road, and all the new things I learned, senior—"

"I can imagine," Glenn muttered grimly.

The Patron taught me to sing, and Pepita, he taught me to put a song over like they do on the radio and—oh, he taught me many other things—"

"I bet he did," Glenn said earnestly, furious at himself and his jealous and suspicious groping around in Vida's pathetic childhood.

"But the best I learned from the Mamacita. When she was too heavy with child for her dances, she taught them to me and dressed me in her own costume, imagine! Naturally, it was a bit too large for me,

but she said I would grow into it by and by and fill it out in front—"

"How old were you then?" "Who knows? Ten? Eleven? I was not grown up, as a woman, I mean, when our show broke. In Acapulco. So sad, senior. What happened? The Mamacita died in childbirth. Naturally, Pancho wouldn't eat and grew too weak from grief to stand on his poor old head, and Pepito was impolite with the police because he was so unhappy about poor Mamacita—I think he is still in gaol. In Acapulco."

So the Patron took the five little ones to Vera Cruz to their grandmother; I don't know what became of him. As for myself—Tia Teresa took me in her house—and if that wasn't a stroke of luck! Like winning first prize in the lottery, no?"

THERE didn't seem to be any answer to that question. Tia Teresa was one hundred per cent. Indio, the fat, waddling type, flat nose, pockmarks, sly little slit eyes. Not very sympathetic, thought Glenn. "That's where the real fun began, I suppose," he said morosely.

"Yes, naturally. Although my heart almost broke when I must give up Angelito, I loved him so much—"

"I know, I know. He was the governor's son, young, rich, handsome, elegant, the first man to kiss you, and then his father forced him to marry the daughter of a great family," Glenn said in a bored voice, for this is the established legend which every little girl in every bar between Tijuana and Buenos Aires will tell you.

Vida burst out laughing. "But, no, no, no, senior, forgive me for laughing—but you should have seen Angelito! He was the old mule that had drawn our cart with the props, such an ugly old mule, but I loved him, he had the softest mouth, and how hard he worked for us on the road—"

"But now you were in Tia

Written on Water

Continuing . . .

[from page 53]

Teresa's house. In Acapulco. I suppose there were probably a few little matters you had yet to be taught. Or does it embarrass you to speak about it?"

"But how funny you are, senior! I am not one who is ashamed of hard work. I was happy that I could repay Tia Teresa a little for all the useful things I learned from her."

"As for instance—"

"As for instance to grind the corn and scour the pots, and

attraction of a night-club, sort of a one-girl floor show—don't tell me you got there just by cooking lobster."

"No," said Vida, greatly amused, "by waiting on the guests and being polite, and maybe telling them some of Pepito's jokes or singing his songs, but the lobster was more important. The best lobster in Acapulco," people said, and it was very lucky that just then Acapulco began to attract tourists and elegant people from everywhere, and the fonda became too small to accommodate all the guests, and so they



"Didn't you get our letter?"

by and by to cook lobster, and make good tamale, slap-slap-slap. You understand, Tia Teresa's was just a fonda, a little eating-place—"

Glenn had often eaten in such a little fonda when he was down on his luck. Four posts, with palm fronds as a roof and beneath it three cauldrons on a charcoal stove. A metate to grind the corn, a few wooden spoons to stir the chilli sauce, a table and four benches to seat the customers. How warm and friendly and innocent it all seemed. Too innocent to be quite true. It's a long way from the orphanage to La Conchita— he said musingly. "Now you are the star

moved to larger and better quarters and put out their first proud neon sign, "La Laguna," and soon there had to be a bar and music and dancing and

"And girls," concluded Glenn.

"Yes, naturally. Girls are very good and necessary for the business. You cannot run a 'lub without girls. The men want to dance, no? And have fun and make love a little, no? Imagine all those sailors, and the fishermen when they made a good catch, and had their pockets heavy with money—"

And so, girls, naturally. "I can't make you out, Vida. Sometimes you are like a child. And then again you sound so

hard-bitten and mercenary

"Ay, my Senior Guero, where would I be if I were soft? With all the drunks and the rough crowds off the tuna boats? Also, I am responsible to Tia Teresa since she treats me as if I were her own daughter. Vida fell into a clouded silence while Glenn contemplated the blue lights in her black Indian hair.

IN her proudest and choicest Spanish she said, "I regret that to you I must appear very coarse and common, senior. Possibly if I could have kept going to school I would have acquired certain refinements. But now that I have told you everything about myself, I wish to know more about you."

"You haven't told me everything. For instance—"

"Yes, naturally, there were men," she said with such frank simplicity that it silenced and somehow even soothed him. "Not many, though," she added with a smile, "and not one of them mean or common or dirty. Were there no women in yours?"

"That's something entirely different."

"Why so?"

"What was it you wish to know about me?" he asked, changing the subject.

"What sort of a little boy you were, how you looked, what nickname your mother called you, to which saint you pray when you are sad. And the letter for which you are waiting: it is from a lady?"

"No, it isn't from a lady. It is from a thing called Chem-pax Co., San Francisco, U.S.A.," Glenn laughed and then he grew thoughtful as he remembered his childhood, his patrician family, the exclusive schools he was sent to, his many minor rebellions and the great explosion in which his Navy career had ended. No, he thought, there is no way to explain any of it to a girl like Vida.

"I was a terrible child," he said. "My parents are both dead. I have three handsome, stupid, and arrogant brothers, with an accumulation of five divorces and eight children among them. I, myself? I'm a black sheep in a flock of insipid bleating white ones. Baaaah!"

Vida laughed. "But sheep ought to be black. I have seen them, on the high planes near Los Ochuelos, all black, and perhaps one or two white sheep which are the outcasts. So there—you see."

"Let's go on with your own biography, Dona Vida. After Acapulco, what?"

"Mazatlan. This. The Conchita." She grew thoughtful and there was a little silence. "It was a bit hard at first. But, you see, it has turned out to be another stroke of great good luck for me."

"In what way, Vida?"

"Because—" she said, turning her face to the picture of the Holy Virgin. "Because, my Guero, if I hadn't come to Mazatlan, I would never have met you," she said quietly.

"Don't you know that we should have met wherever you would have been? It was inevitable. Call it destiny. Vida—look at me," Glenn demanded hotly. She was looking into his eyes, but not like a woman, more like a child that seriously examines something new. "Well, what do you see in there?" he asked.

"You have very strange eyes. They look like clear blue water. I can see through them and there are little pebbles and tiny silver fishes and golden flickers, as if the sun were shining to the ground. Tell me, my Guero, and you can see as well with your blue eyes as our men can see with their black ones? Can you see me as well as I can see you?"

Glenn looked at her and laughed softly about her being so serious. "Yes," he assured her, "I can see you very well, indeed."

She kept on studying his eyes with an absorbed expression and after a while she asked:

To page 58

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Page 55



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THREE LOVELY SINGLE CHRYSANTHEMUMS, Vera Wade (pale pink), Mrs. Channin (orange), and Audrey Pithie (cerise), grown by Mr. J. Holbeche, of Sydney. A massed effect of these single chrysanthemums makes a good show in the garden. They require good medium to heavy loam, and a position in full sunlight.

● Chrysanthemums are most accommodating, adaptable plants. Although shallow-rooted they stand up well to drought and, provided care is taken, may even be lifted and transplanted when in full flower without showing distress.

ALL varieties require an open, sunny position, and the quality of the soil has strong influence on the well-being and health of the plants as well as on the texture and quality of the blooms.

They do best in a medium-to-heavy loam that has been well bolstered with old, thoroughly composted stable manure. This should be adequately mixed and allowed to settle, for they detest loose conditions.

At the same time they do quite well in sand if plenty of rotted cow manure and vegetable compost has been dug in.

Light, porous sand, however, is unlikely to produce flowers of any size or substance. As such soils are often infested with nematodes (eelworms), they should be avoided or the plants grown in pots of heavier loam, obtained specially for the purpose.

This method, indeed, has become more general everywhere since this minute organism is now so widespread.

Where virgin soil from grazing land can

be obtained, pot-growing of chrysanthemums presents no difficulty. If not, the soil and compost should be steamed on a sheet of iron over a fire in the garden to kill the nematodes. Turn the soil repeatedly to obtain even, partial sterilisation, but do not burn it or it will be sterile.

GARDENING

The soil should be kept in an iron wheelbarrow or left on the sheet of iron to cool all night lest it be re-infested.

The nematodes travel slowly, but if the steamed soil is placed on known infested soil the work may be wasted.

Where the soil is free of nematodes and has been well manured, dug over, and allowed to settle, set the plants out any time from now until early November, allowing ample space for expansion.

When chrysanthemums have produced good basal growths (new shoots from the old stem bases), they should be lifted with a fork and divided carefully with a sharp knife or secateurs. Pieces about 4 to 6 in. long make the best plants.

Rooted pieces become plants rapidly, but even pieces without roots will soon strike if embedded in moist sand for a few weeks. The lower leaves of such rootless cuttings should be carefully pinched off.

Hundreds of varieties of chrysanthemums are now available through nurseries.

Some of the newer exhibition varieties include Payneham Royal (old-rose), Glamour (deep yellow, incurve), Rose Bowl (orchid-pink, incurve), Gaiety (wine color, incurve), Mefo (cream), Balcombe Perfection (amber, bronze, incurve), Printemps d'Amour (clear pink, big flowers), Beryl Haycocks (bronze, lighter reverse), Lady F. Clarke (gold).

Australian quills and spiders include Marjorie Jackson (glowing orange), Payneham Sunset (strawberry), Payneham Blaze (salmon-red), Mrs. Herb. Rogers (rich deep mauve, long quills), Carol Joan Wagener (shell-pink), Payneham Supreme (rose-pink), Laurie Love (orange), Alf Lee (gold), and Ray Tashima (yellow).

BERYL HAYCOCKS, an exhibition chrysanthemum grown by Mr. Victor Potts, of Collaroy, N.S.W., is an outstanding display type of good shape and size.



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'And now, Guerito, tell me: when you will have a child, will it have eyes as blue and clear as yours?'

'I don't know how it would be with a little daughter of mine. But I suppose if I had a son he would have blue eyes, because all the men in my family have them and all the sons of my married brothers, too.'

After that there was a long silence and then Vida gave a little sigh and said very softly and thoughtfully: 'Ay, my Senor Guero—I think I should like to have a little son with blue eyes...'

Something exploded deep inside Glenn's chest. He wanted to pull the girl down to him and kiss her, and yet he did not do it. He let her slip away and leave him alone.

Great Lord, what's happening to me? he thought afterwards. What's all this? So help me God, I think I am in love. Only a man can be fool enough to pass up what he wants more than anything he ever wanted in his stupid life...

For three weeks the Orca had been cruising around the Revillagigedos, and Thumbs kicked up quite some fuss when Tracey changed her plans and ordered him to return to Mazatlan. She had been restless all along, even after a glorious seven-hour fight with a 160-pound marlin, and the prince

Continuing . . . Written on Water

from page 55

had messed up and lost a lot of good line and tackle. They dropped anchor out in the bay and Tracey went ashore with Thumbs, who was looking for provisions and fuel. He knew that she was after Glenn Hammers, though she didn't say so.

It was the sacred hour of the siesta and the landing bridge was deserted, the little adobe houses had pulled in their shadows under the steep sun and only the smell of the fish market was there to greet them. However, as the arrival of gringos always spells money to the Mexicans, soon a small crowd collected, offering to steer them to the Conchita.

Tracey's nostrils grew pinched when the same Manuel, who had been involved in the fight, informed them that the Senor Capitan had taken abode in Tia Teresa's house. He led them through a filthy lane at the back, but the patio they entered was quite a surprise. Cool and well kept, with flowers in pots around a little fountain in the centre. There were three cages with birds hanging from the rafters and a tame parrot swearing at Tracey.

Manuel disappeared into the house to look for Vida. Probably he had guided the gringos more for the opportunity of seeing her than for the tip he expected. After a while he returned, beckoned to Thumbs and whispered into his ear that the Senor Capitan would like to see him but didn't wish the

senorita to come in. Thumbs told Tracey to wait in the patio and she did so, white-lipped with anger but smiling.

He found Glenn quite weak and haggard, although free of fever. His beard had begun to sprout again and around his head he wore a bandage which, in respect to cleanliness, wasn't quite up to the standards of the Mayo Clinic. The room was very clean, though, and cool as those tile-floored, thick-walled rooms in the old Spanish houses will be. The bed was trashy imitation-brass type. Otherwise the room was rather barren. There was a little wash-

It is a woman's business to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to stay unmarried as long as he can.

—Bernard Shaw.

stand in one corner, a wooden chair, a chest of drawers.

'Hiya, Mr. Hammers,' Thumbs said, and Glenn said: 'Hiya, Commander.' He looked bad, thin, all eyes and teeth and stubble.

'Surprised to see me?'

'Why should I be? I knew that dame would be back someday. You feel it when they're hooked, don't you?'

'She's outside, worrying over you. She feels responsible for the nasty cut you got that

night. Is it infected or something?'

'No,' he said, lightly touching the bandage. 'It's healing beautifully. There's nothing shark oil won't heal. Someday soon I'll have big shark fisheries all along the coast and sell the oil for gold. All you need for the beginning is a fifty-foot launch with an eighty-horsepower diesel...'

In other words, he was off on his old track again. Thumbs, who knew that Tracey outside in the patio was exploding with impatience, tried to bring the conversation around to her in a nice way. But Glenn was full of shark oil and wanted to talk about nothing else.

What had happened was that only the day before the letter had arrived, that mysterious letter for which he had been waiting so ardently. At first he hedged around a bit, but he was too excited to keep it all to himself, he just had to take Thumbs into his confidence. Well, there it was, letters and reports and analyses and statistics from some chemical laboratory in the United States—all about shark-liver oil.

The sensational thing about it was that the letter contained an honest-to-God cheque for forty-seven good, solid dollars—U.S. dollars, not pesos—and in Mexico that was a small fortune at the time. 'In payment of such and such sample shipment which arrived in fairly usable condition. However, in the future...' and then came a letter of agreement full of howevers and furthermore and whereases. The gist of it, when you peeled it of its crackling leaseline, was an offer to pay seventy-five cents American

money per gallon, a price that appeared fantastically high. 'Well, I'll be darned—' Thumbs said, dumbfounded.

'There—you see? I'll be a rich man in no time. I'll be the biggest man up and down the whole damned coast.' Glenn said with a grin too wide for his gaunt face. 'I'll grow fat and maybe a few gallstones or whatever is the fashion—nerves, ulcers, and a heart condition. I'll buy Vida a diamond tiara, I'll have my own yacht and—Good heavens, Thumbs, don't you see what this means? All I've got to do is send them a tank-load of the stuff twice a month and I'm on top of the world.'

His enthusiasm was contagious, but Thumbs remained sober and sceptical. 'Sure—all you've got to do is to catch a few million sharks, and so far you have no boat, no net, no lines, no know-how, no capital, nothing. What you've got is a nice, shiny soap bubble. Sorry to prick it for you.'

'Sharks, oh my God, the waters are thick with sharks. And capital? I'll get it just like that!'

'How?'

'Somehow. That's nothing. A few thousand bucks to start me off—just wait and see—I'll show those high and mighty brothers of mine and their snooty, flat-chested wives that I can make my career without having to sit in a swivel chair or get pushed around by some moron or lick the boots of some commander and wait for a promotion in the Navy.'

Uh-huh, thought Thumbs, so

To page 62

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you'll hear will be this girl's heart beating like a trip-hammer.

'That's it!' Greg said. 'Heart beat. Contrapuntal hammer. On ringing metal. Terrific.'

'Quite mad,' the city chap observed, in Greg's sudden absence.

'You're talking about the dolt I love,' Jess told him sadly.

And so it went, until suddenly, on Greg's twenty-third birthday, he inherited a small sum of money from the estate of a deceased aunt, and decided to continue his studies in the city. His father said that, had he known Greg's intention earlier, ten years earlier, for instance, he would have been glad to finance him.

Greg went to the biggest and noisiest city, which is Sydney, but did not stay long. He managed to secure an introduction to one of the city's acknowledged new-music critics, and played his latest opus for him—a concerto for road-drill, jet-plane, and kookaburra.

After a thoughtful pause, the gentleman removed his fingertips from his temples, redirected his eyes towards the floor, and said, 'I know Bundoona. It's such a delightful place. Why did you—'

So Greg decided that his music was just too big for Sydney, and boarded a steamer for Paris. Well, for Marseilles. The shipboard quiet almost shattered his nerves, but Paris herself restored them.

At home, Jess was calm about Greg's defection. But as soon as his first letter arrived, expressing complete satisfaction with Paris, she drew out the money she had been saving for furnishings, caught a train to the city, and bought a plane ticket. She had heard about Paris in the spring.

Greg was surprised to see her, of course, but accepted her statement that she was there to study French cooking. His work had already made a ripple in one local pool of musical thought, he told her. And he had discovered a whole flock of new sounds. He was even

then composing a sonata for angry concierge, gendarme, and taxi-horns.

In fact, he was apparently far too busy to notice the spring when it arrived, and Jess sighed again and waited some more.

But it seems that she was not vigilant enough, because one day Greg phoned and said, 'This will surprise you as much as it did me. A girl has asked me to marry her. Do you reckon I should?'

'Thinking on her feet, Jess said, 'I'm really very busy just now, but how about calling around this afternoon? We'll drive somewhere and talk about it.'

'That's wonderful,' said Greg, and added that it was so good to have someone just like a sister at hand at a time like this.

'Hm,' Jess said, after she had replaced the phone.

When Greg called around in the afternoon, Jess introduced him to Albert, a taxi-driver whose grey moustaches had a wingspan of some twelve inches.

'Albert is going to drive us out into the country, leave us at an inn while he visits his brother, and bring us back in time for dinner,' Jess said.

'Great,' said Greg, but he seemed preoccupied.

'Tell me about this—this girl?' Jess suggested.

'Oh, she's just a girl,' Greg told her. 'A young pianist, likes my work. To be honest, she seems to be the only person who really does. Anyway, she gets a large inheritance as soon as she's married, and as she's broke at the moment she wants me to help her.'

'That doesn't sound very romantic,' Jess told him.

'Romantic? Oh, nothing like that,' said Greg. 'She's a practical girl. Pointed out that we could both cut costs by sharing the one apartment. Hey, what's that?'

'Flowers,' Jess said. 'Look, whole fields of them. Even more than we've got at home.

Continuing . . .

Music by Handel

from page 19

Remember? And don't they smell wonderful?'

Greg didn't answer, but he was visibly affected. Soon the fields gave way to forest, where there was just enough sunlight to bring out the scents of earth, mosses, trees, grasses, flowers, and mix them all into one heady atmosphere that streamed through the car as it rattled along. And, as though on cue, Albert began to sing, in a fine old crusted baritone, about an amour, which he claimed would last toujours, pending someone's return.

Jess glanced at Greg and saw that he was leaning back against the battered upholstery,

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

eyes closed, mouth slightly open, breathing slowly and deeply. He might have been asleep, but Jess suspected otherwise.

Their objective, the inn, stood off the road on the other side of the forest, and looked as though D'Artagnan might have slept there. Albert dropped them in front of it, gave Jess a paternal smile, and said he'd see them again in an hour's time.

Six hours later, when it was quite dark, Jess said, 'Albert must have had a breakdown, don't you think?'

'Ah,' Greg said.

In the afternoon, they had walked down to the river and along the bank, and through fields cluttered with flowers, clover, lambs, birds, bees, and all the other paraphernalia of spring in a median climate. Back at the inn they had eaten well, and then had sat out in the dusk waiting for Albert.

Greg felt completely at home, and therefore no longer homesick.

'I'd better ask the landlord

about accommodation, hadn't I?' Jess asked after a while.

'Mm,' Greg answered.

So Jess interviewed the landlord, and came back with the news that there was only one room vacant in the whole of the inn. A crowd of anglers was expected at midnight, the landlord had told her.

'Ah,' said Greg, resting his head on her shoulder.

Some time later he murmured, 'I suppose I could sleep in the barn or something.'

'There isn't one. I asked,' Jess said. 'And he hasn't any spare blankets.'

'That's bad,' Greg murmured. Then, with a little more animation, he added, 'He's the local mayor, you know. Told me so when I paid the bill for dinner.'

'And how,' Jess asked him, 'is that fact supposed to help us?'

'Mayors can perform marriage ceremonies in France,' Greg explained gently, 'and one room is ideal for two married people.'

'Darling,' said Jess, 'is this a proposal?'

Her question preceded a stilted silence, which answered it.

Then Greg and Jess went inside to see the mayor.

Greg, of course, has since become famous for his Spring-time Sonata, which one of the new-music critics described as 'melodic noise, pure corn, at old-fashioned as the Moonlight Sonata, and Eve and Adam, thank goodness.'

The royalties from this and lesser works in the same vein have enabled the Duncans to furnish their home at Bundoona and to recoup certain expenses, including fares to and from Paris—and bribes to a taxi-driver named Albert, who forgot to come back (Jess)—and a landlord who declared that there was but one room at the inn (Greg).

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NEWLYWED Jeff Hunter brought his wife, 26-year-old former model Nancy Kelly, to London with him on a combined honeymoon-working trip. Jeff's first wife was actress Barbara Rush.

FILM FAN Princess Margaret has a big smile for Joan Fontaine when she is presented to her at the London opening of "Island in the Sun," in which Joan has one of the starring roles.

New Film Releases

★ THE BAD SEED

Warner psychological drama, with Nancy Kelly, Patty McCormack. Century, Sydney.

THE high hopes entertained for this screen version of the horrifying novel by William March (later made into a long-run Broadway play by Maxwell Anderson) are not quite realised.

Patty McCormack, who created the key child role on the stage, has played the part too long and lost her original freshness of approach. Nor does she impress as the adorable child charmer she is supposed to be.

As written, the mother role is sometimes irritatingly inactive. But in it Nancy Kelly (a Broadway actress who years ago came and departed in disgust from Hollywood) is fine and tender.

Briefly, the plot concerns the question of environment versus heredity, with a mother coming to the terrible realisation that her pretty little daughter is a killer, a wholly

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

amoral being born without sense of right and wrong.

Three outstandingly fine character performances add lustre to one of Hollywood's more serious attempts at film-making.

There is Eileen Heckart as the distraught, drunken mother of a child murdered at a school picnic, Evelyn Varden as the voluble, extroverted landlady, and Paul Fix as the crime writer who believed that environment is stronger than heredity.

One great weakness of the film is its failure to establish the position of Fix in a situation that is essentially of his making.

Confronted with the problem of the film ending its makers have taken the easy way out and left it to providence—lightning flash and all.

In a word: **UNUSUAL.**

★ SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT

Swedish period comedy, with English sub-titles. Savoy, Sydney.

WINNER of a last year's Cannes Film Festival award for comedy, this will appeal to film society enthusiasts more than to the average movie fans.

An Edwardian comedy of morals and manners in a vanished world of privilege, it is Continental film-making at its artistically most resourceful and imaginative, with acting of a standard and polish that is a delight.

In a featherweight tale of changing amorous partnerships between an actress, two young wives and their philandering husbands, a maid-servant and a repressed son, Ulla Jacobsson as the girl-wife gives a delightfully delicate performance.

Unfortunately, a great deal of the wit and sophistication that it undoubtedly possesses for Swedish audiences is lost in the sub-titling.

In a word: **CONTINENTAL.**

★ PARIS DOES STRANGE THINGS

French romantic comedy, with Ingrid Bergman, Mel Ferrer, Jean Marais. In technicolor. English dialogue. Paris, Sydney.

MADE immediately after Bergman's professional break with Rossellini, and before "Anastasia," this is the film Bergman hoped would re-establish her.

With direction and photography in the hands of the brilliant though unpredictable Jean and Claude Renoir respectively, it might well have done so.

But something, somewhere, went very wrong. What should have been a romantic-comic soufflé turned out to be something of a cross between "The Goon Show" and a dated French farce.

Here is a gay and light-hearted Bergman looking enchanting in the clothes of the 1860s. She is an impecunious Polish princess living in Paris, prepared either to marry for money or to devote her energies to a great man's career.

Lumpy French actor Marais

is the popular Army general she thinks she can make into the leader of France, and Mel Ferrer — for once looking happy — is the ambitious man who wins her heart.

On the credit side of this extraordinary piece of film-making is some wonderfully de't (though prolonged) use of holiday crowds, an exquisite feeling for atmospheric detail, Utrillo-like street scenes, and some beautiful country vistas.

In a word: **INCREDIBLE.**

★ LIZZIE

M.G.M. drama, with Eleanor Parker, Joan Blondell, Richard Boone. Metro, Sydney.

SOMETHING unusually ambitious in the way of psychological drama has been attempted here, with only fair results. Lizzie is a young woman with a three-way personality.

The bad personality writes poison-pen letters to the neurotic, middle of the road one; while the best of the three, inactive since childhood, is only rediscovered under hypnosis by a kindly psychoanalyst, played by Richard Boone.

Joan Blondell, a scene stealer of the first flight, is the blowsy, unhelpful aunt, with the director, Hugo Haas, giving a nicely rounded performance as the concerned neighbor.

In her triple characterisation Eleanor Parker does nicely enough, though her evil Lizzie is only melodramatic.

For good measure you get a good look at the Los Angeles museum, where her everyday personality works as a secretary.

But what a thriller it could have been in the hands of a director like Henri-George Clouzot.

In a word: **MISSES.**

GENE TIERNEY, who has been living in relative seclusion in a sanitarium in Connecticut, recently made one of her rare appearances in public when she drove into New York to be present at the fourth-wedding-anniversary party of Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas. Gene was reported as looking very well. She has repeatedly said that she will resume her film career as soon as her health improves.



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that's where it hurts you, brother! But if he wanted to rehabilitate himself with his family, this shark-liver idea seemed crazier than anything he had ever tried before.

'Look, Glenn,' Thumbs said soberly, 'you are in no shape to go after shark. Listen, I'm going to spend the slack season with my folks in Monterey. Why don't you come with me and shake off your malaria first of all? Besides, it ought to be easier to scratch up some capital in the States; and, anyway, you know that no American citizen is allowed to own an enterprise in Mexico. So that puts a full stop to your idea even before you start.'

But Glenn has his obstinate face, and his chin stuck out like the bow of an ice-breaker. 'That's all taken care of,' he said loftily. 'We are forming a cooperativa as Mexican as they come.'

'Who's we?' 'Myself, with Vida as the nominal head. Cooperativa Pachueta de Pescadores, Mazatlan. How does that sound to you? If you want to, we'll take you in; we'll need a poor-to-middling engineer like you in any case,' he said, with the beginning of a grin on his gaunt, yellowish face.

Hombre, you sure look terrible, Thumbs thought; so now it's not only boats and shark but a Mexican wench into the bargain. 'Who's Vida? You don't mean that little dancer that got you into this mess? I'm sure she is a very satisfactory sweetheart, but in business—well, that's a different matter.'

He stopped, though, when he saw the sudden change of expression in Glenn's eyes. The captain didn't even get angry; he only smiled, almost as if he felt a sort of condescending pity for his friend. 'I wouldn't know about that,' he said very calmly. 'Vida saved my life, that's all. And I'll tell you something else: Vida is the only real lady I ever met—except my mother.'

Oh boy, Thumbs thought sadly, so that's how it is! You sure got it bad.

He had begun to worry about

Continuing . . .

Written on Water

from page 58

Tracey out there in the patio. He had heard her talk to someone outside, and her voice had grown louder and taken on a certain edge, which meant that she had reached the end of her self-control. A second later the door opened and Vida—not a great lady at all but a girl in a glaze of anger—entered the room.

'Guero, I want that woman to go away and she does not go. This is not a public plaza where people may enter and walk around and stay as they like. This is our home, and if I tell her to go, she has to go, no?'

She came to pay a visit to a sick friend, seniorita, Thumbs said with all the diplomacy he could muster.

'I regret, senior, but it is very bad for him to see her. It will give him the fever again. I assure you, senior, I hate to appear impolite, but the Senior Capitan is too weak yet to bear excitement. That woman comes here to excite him. It pleases her to make trouble. I know her kind. Please, senior, tell the lady to go.'

This was easier said than done, because Tracey had waited long enough and decided to come in. She didn't angrily burst into the room like Vida; she knocked politely and when she entered she was all good manners and concern and sweet smiles. Also, that day she didn't wear her slacks, but a white linen dress which looked simple to a man's eye but was probably one of those masterpieces which are more expensive than the garnished ones.

She looked splendid and she had no make-up save some lipstick and she was feminine all over. Whereas Vida, who had been working in the kitchen, wore a big apron to which clung a few fish scales and the smell of garlic, and compared with Tracey she didn't cut much of a figure.

Like almost every other female, Vida loathed Tracey at first sight, while Tracey was sweet to her and treated her like a cute pet. Probably she

wasn't even play-acting. Tracey would take everything away from other women without suffering more pangs of conscience than a shark accidentally eating a tin can, but she was not jealous in a small way. Other women never seemed sufficiently important to her to bother about them at all.

'Oh, am I intruding, seniorita? Forgive me,' she said smoothly. 'What a charming room—and so clean! Isn't it clean, Thumbs? Amazing, isn't it? You will pardon me for barging in like this, seniorita,

gave it to my sick friend? How very, very kind of you to take care of him until our return. How much do we owe you for it?'

When Tracey put on the idiotic-society-matron act it didn't mean anything good. Glenn sat up abruptly and Vida clenched her fists. She tried to give Tracey the right answer, but she couldn't find it fast enough.

'Guero, please, this is not good for you—please—' she said instead. 'I want you to get well. I do not want you to run a fever again tonight.'

'Do you hear, Princess? These are doctor's orders,'



but I am so worried about Captain Hammers. How are you, Glenn? And she picked up Glenn's hand from the blanket as though it were some property of hers which she had forgotten there.

'I'm fine, but, as you can see, in no shape to entertain the high nobility,' Glenn said. 'Especially not the female species of it.'

'What a charming, charming little room,' Tracey said, turning full force on Vida. 'Is it yours? And your bed, too? You

Glenn said. 'We'll have to obey.'

'Of course! I suppose, seniorita, you have given him some secret Indian remedies? How interesting! What is this medicine made of? Or can't it be told because there are mysterious ingredients—the tail of an unborn calf? The heart of a vulture?'

'No. I simply give him nine grains of quinine a day. That usually helps,' Vida answered, and the sensible quietness of her answer knocked the wind

out of Tracey for a moment. To get back at Vida, she sat down at Glenn's bedside and took his pulse in her fingers. 'I'm not Indian but I have a sixth sense, too,' she told him gently. 'I felt all the time that something had gone wrong with you. That's why I pestered Thumbs to take us back to Mazatlan. I'm glad we came here in time to take care of you.'

'Thanks. I'm beautifully taken care of,' Glenn said stiffly, and at this a bit of color returned to Vida's face.

When Glenn closed his eyes as from exhaustion or dizziness Vida told Tracey once more to get out.

'Gladly,' said Tracey. 'If you will just give us time to send for a taxi to take Captain Hammers with us.'

'Take him with you—!' Vida cried. 'Take him with you? Why? Where?'

'First of all to my yacht, where Dr. Hakanson will see that he gets the proper treatment, and then to the United States for his recuperation.'

'He is not well enough yet to be taken to your boat,' Vida said furiously. 'But what do you care? You want him to go with you, so you think you can simply take him away. Like a fish you bought at the market. Take him away! Just like that! Who are you to take him away?'

She threw a quick glance into Glenn's face, and what she saw there made her suddenly glow in a triumphant smile. 'Bueno—ask him first if he wants to be taken away from here—and if he says yes, you may take him,' she said. Her eyes were blazing, but she went over to her little Holy Virgin and nervously straightened the lilies which stuck in a jug there, and pretended not to listen to what he had to say.

'I'm sorry, Princess,' Glenn said. 'It's awfully kind of you to offer me a berth, but Vida is right. It's better for me to stay where I am. I simply don't feel up to a cruise in your stimulating company.'

Tracey ignored the insolence. 'You are ill and you don't know what's good or bad for you. I'll send Dr. Hakanson to

you and he will decide whether you're well enough to come aboard.'

'Thanks,' Glenn said sharply, 'but I'm no charity case—yet. I appreciate your offer, but if you don't mind, I'm tired. Goodbye.'

Tracey could size up a situation quicker and better than most men. That's why she always won at poker. She knew that she was almost beaten but she hadn't played her last trump yet.

'Of course, Captain. We're going now and we won't bother you while you're not feeling well,' she said gently. 'Only—I want you to know that I'll remain in Mazatlan until I can be sure that you have completely recovered. Whenever you feel that you want Dr. Hakanson, simply send a message to the Orca.'

She went to the door but stopped there, as they always do in the movies, and added with an embarrassed little laugh: 'I'm really awfully selfish about wanting you to get well quickly. You know, I need you to help me buy a boat. I don't mean a little yacht, but the Arundel—perhaps you know her? She belonged to old Pritchett until he died.'

'I understand she is in dock in Nassau and I have an idea to fly my little plane down there and look her over. You can see that I need an expert like you to advise me what to do about her? Well—speedy recovery, Captain. And don't forget that I'm waiting for you to get well—and sail the Arundel for me. Shall we say to the Galapagos, for a beginning? Thumbs, are you coming? Many thanks, seniorita!'

Vida's little face had fallen, for even if she couldn't quite understand Tracey's English exit speech she had understood very well that it had done something to her Guero.

Well, my boy, Thumbs thought as he followed Tracey into the patio, I'm afraid now you're the one who got hooked.

To be continued

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The same rich, silky Lux lather that keeps film stars lovely and radiant all over, will bring new beauty to your skin. Use only pure white Lux Toilet Soap for your complexion, too.

Lux is so mild... so gentle... so wonderfully beautifying! Cleansed thoroughly, softened and smoothed by daily Lux care, your skin will soon glow with flawless film-star loveliness.

LUX GIRLS ARE LOVELIER!

9 out of every 10 film stars use pure mild **LUX TOILET SOAP**



Don't miss enchanting Kim Novak in 'Jeanne Eagels', produced in Megascopes by Columbia Pictures Corporation. Glamorous Kim insists on Lux Toilet Soap for her beauty. She loves the great purity of Lux... its rich, creamy lather and its wonderful fragrance.

Pave your garden in stone



- Stone paving for your garden is durable, attractive, and easy to keep clean. And you have a wide choice among its warm earthen colors of buff, dusty yellow, warm brown, and grey.

STONE may be used with advantage to save maintenance time on those spots that take wear, such as a terrace, on scuffed garden paths, or around your barbecue pit.

You can get stone in its natural, rough state or in a trimmed, "dressed" form. Semi-dressed stone is widely used because it is easy to handle, yet relatively inexpensive.

Limestone and sandstone are both readily available. Choose the one that gives you the color and texture you like best.

When you lay stone you have three choices of base. You can use

a tamped-soil base if the stones are at least three inches thick. This base is not expensive and is durable where soil drains well.

If you prefer a more stable base lay the stones on sand. First excavate soil 10 inches deep and fill with four inches of crushed rock or gravel. Level and cover with two or three inches of sand. Tamp firmly and then put the stones in place.

For completely permanent terraces, bed the stones on a 3in. concrete slab. When the slab is 24 hours old, trowel fresh mortar (one part cement, three parts sand) on small areas and place a few stones at a time. Tamp and level while mortar is plastic.



INFORMAL TERRACE with irregular stone flagging is widely popular. It looks rugged and so it is. For best results use stones of similar color and size and so avoid a crazy-quilt effect. You can place them in concrete to prevent the small stones coming loose at any stage in areas where the climate is rough and rainfall high.



ABOVE: Using no mortar but just stones laid on a tamped-sand base will give you a smart, all-weather terrace like this. The pattern is typical of those made from full-dressed stone. Notice how small stones give variety to design. Experiment to get the design you like.



RIGHT: You can make your flagstone terrace more attractive by interplanting with ground-cover between the stones. For additional cover, put a few flowering rock plants into the line where your terrace joins a wall.



A SAND PILE is a possibility to be considered if you build a terrace. When sand scatters here a few sweeps of the broom will put it back in place. When children outgrow sand-pile you can fill it in to match the other part of the terrace or convert it to a planting bed. The attractive low brick wall is seat height.

USE a double course of bricks to trim a semi-finished stone terrace. You'll get a more professional look. Bricks can be set in either mortar or sand. Place edge of bricks slightly below lawn surface and you can run a mower right over the edge of grass. This means less hand trimming when it's time to cut the grass.

Is your hair falling OUT?



NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT! It's an unpleasant shock—the sudden discovery that your hair is falling out. It's also a timely warning that you dare not ignore if you want to keep a healthy head of hair. Act now before the condition becomes more serious.

Hair falls out because the roots are starved of their vital food. That is why you need Pure Silvikrin urgently, for it contains, in concentrated form, all the eighteen essential hair-forming substances, known as amino-acids. Pure Silvikrin massaged into the scalp thus provides the hair roots with the natural food they need to produce healthy vigorous hair. Are you suffering with loss of hair? Then start using Pure Silvikrin today—there is no more positive step towards lasting hair health.

SILVIKRIN Products for hair care



PURE SILVIKRIN. For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp and for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies. Pure Silvikrin, a highly concentrated form of the hair's natural food.

Also available—Silvikrin Hair Tonic for those who prefer a non-oily dressing.

SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIRDRESSING. For daily hair grooming. Specially prepared to ensure handsome, healthy hair. Contains a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin—so it is truly a tonic hairdressing.



Silvikrin THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD



It's easy to see why **Kia-ora tomato soup** tastes so good.



"It's easy to see why Kia-ora Tomato Soup tastes so good!" says Anne Dixon, Kia-ora's Home Economist. "Look at what goes into it. The very best of everything. We take the best tomatoes grown . . . the cream of the crop . . . smooth, firm, unblemished, full of healthful goodness. We take the richest, golden table butter; the finest full-cream milk. We blend them with pure cane sugar, salt and selected spices . . . and then we cook them with care. That's all there is to it. No added flavourings. No added thickeners. Just good, wholesome, nourishing food and perfect cooking.

WE MAKE IT DOUBLE-STRENGTH TOO!

"Yes, because Kia-ora Tomato Soup is so chock-full of good, nourishing ingredients, you get double

the quantity from each can. Simply add an equal quantity of milk or water . . . or half of each. Then bring to the required heat and serve. There's no fussing about; none of the boiling you have with other types of soup.

Kia-ora Tomato Soup has been acclaimed the finest tomato soup in the world. Enjoy it often. It's the most important dish in any winter meal . . . warming, nourishing, delicious.

Keep your pantry well-stocked always with Kia-ora famous-flavour soups. Your grocer has them all—in two handy sizes. Ask for the large 6-serve family size or the handy 3-serve size."

KIA-ORA FAMOUS-FLAVOUR SOUPS

**TOMATO ★ CREAM OF CHICKEN ★ VEGETABLE
PEA SOUP WITH HAM ★ CELERY ★ SCOTCH BROTH
ONION ★ AND THE NEW DELICIOUS ASPARAGUS**

Party Treats for Children

Give the children a big thrill and set the festivities off to a good start by serving simple party fare in new ways. The colorful ideas on this page will provide inspiration for your next party. Five of them are illustrated.

ALL the clever novelty dishes on this page are easy to make, but they take a little extra time to prepare. This is more than repaid by the pleasure they give to the children who see and eat them at party time.

ICE-CREAM JET

Decorate ice-cream to make the aeroplane poised in the top right-hand corner of this page. The machine can be put together in a jiffy. For the tail and wings, place ice-cream wafers on a triangular wedge of ice-cream. Cut a strip of angelica or licorice for the propeller and secure it with a cocktail stick. Round toffee sweets make sturdy wheels.

SAILING BOATS

Dreams of sailing the seven seas almost come true when a little boy first sees the easily made boats shown. Tiny rolls or shaped slices of bread form the hull of the boat. Butter liberally and top with various savory slices of meat, gherkin, cheese, and beetroot cut in triangles to resemble sails. A small colored onion and "sail" are kept in place with a cocktail stick. If desired, place on a sea of shredded lettuce or young leaves of cabbage.

THREE BLIND MICE

All children love nursery rhymes, and when these can be reproduced in pieces of food it makes the meal so much more exciting. To form the mice, remove stones from prunes and insert an almond

in each. Use strips of almond for ears and thin strips of licorice for tails — either left long or cut short as desired. Place three prunes on a piece of buttered bread with a few pieces of cheese. Don't forget to explain why there are no eyes. Children could perhaps be given a small knife to "cut off their tails" themselves.

WAGGONLOAD OF VITAMINS

Arouse your child's interest in the fresh salads that are so good for him by serving them on an express waggon of cracker biscuits (shown below). Round savory biscuits set on cocktail sticks for axles form the wheels. A crisp wheaten-wafer biscuit laid on the cocktail sticks makes the bottom of the waggon. Stack waggon with cucumber, carrot, celery, and cheese, and add red or green peppers and pickled gherkins for the child who likes savories.



SOLDIER-BOY SPECIAL

Here's a drum (at foot of page) that is hard to beat for doing something special to that old standby — rice pudding. Sandwich a thick layer of cold rice dessert (moulded or cut into a round shape) between two layers of strawberry or raspberry jelly. Lace the sides with strips of angelica or green jelly. Make the drumsticks from licorice or chocolate-biscuit sticks topped with a glacé cherry.

TURKEY GOBBLERS

Make a fine-feathered turkey by joining two halves of



a pear with cream cheese. For tail feathers, attach a half slice of pineapple with cocktail sticks. Use sticks to hold on an apple-wedge neck and a cherry wattle (under the beak) and head. Whole cloves make the eyes. Sprinkle shredded, colored coconut on the back for feathers and set on a bed of shredded cabbage with a few pieces of corn.

SAVORY FACES

Simple slices of bread and butter or sandwiches can be made into amusing faces by cutting the slices of bread slightly thicker than usual, then spreading with butter and savory paste. Decorate with pieces of hard-boiled egg, cheese, gherkins, colored onions, beetroot, or similar food cut into the shape of eyes, nose, and mouth. Shredded carrot, lettuce, etc., make excellent curly hair.

FRUIT-SALAD CLOWN

The jolly little clown illustrated keeps on grinning even after all the fruit salad under his hat has been eaten and his lettuce ruff nibbled away.

To make: Cut outer peel of a large seedless orange to make eyes and mouth, insert black and red jelly beans. Cut

another strip and insert an almond for the nose. Cut shallow top off orange, scoop out pulp, and fill with fruit salad. Place a perky home-made hat of fancy paper over one eye and stand on a lettuce leaf to serve.

BABY DUCKLINGS

Specially for the toddlers are these sweets that look like tiny ducks swimming on the water. Pour cooled lime jelly into individual sweet dishes and chill until set. Place half a tinned peach (rounded side up) on each jelly for the duck's body. To make the heads, take a small sconecutter 1 inch in diameter and cut rounds from centres of remaining peach halves. Secure head to one end of each body with a cocktail stick and place a piece of almond for the bill and two currants for eyes. With whipped cream, pipe a swirl for the tail and a tiny wing each side if desired.

SUNBONNETS

Little girls will love these simply made novelty hats. All that is needed are a large round biscuit approximately three inches in diameter, a small plain patty or gem cake, some odd pieces of narrow ribbon, tiny fresh or icing flowers and leaves, some warm icing divided into various colors. Place the up-turned cake (trimming if necessary) on the biscuit slightly toward one side of the centre. This will form the crown of the bonnet and the biscuit the brim. Ice all over with warm icing, coloring each bonnet with a different color. Allow icing to set and surround the join of the crown and brim with ribbon, place posy at side.

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

Blouse made of crochet medallions

● Dainty crochet medallions are sewn together to make this beautiful evening blouse of all-over lace.

THE blouse can be worn equally well with light-weight summer materials or with richer velvets and woollens of winter. The best effect will be gained by making it in white.

Materials: 12 balls selected color Coats Chain Mercer Crochet No. 20; Milward's steel crochet hook No. 3 (slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

Tension: Size of motif, 1½ in. in diameter.

Measurements: To fit a 35-36 in. bust; length from shoulder, 19 in.

The front and back of this blouse are worked together, the first and last motifs being joined to form a circle. (All motifs and rows are joined at 3 points unless otherwise stated.)

MOTIF

Commence with 8 ch., join with a sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Row: 1 sl-st. into ring, 5 ch., * 1 tr. into ring, 2 ch.; rep. from * 10 times more, 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch. (12 sps.).

2nd Row: * 2 d.c. into next sp., 2 ch.; rep. from * ending with 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

3rd Row: 1 sl-st. into first sp., 3 ch., 2 tr. into same sp., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over, and draw through all loops on hook (a 2 tr. cluster made), * 5 ch., a 3 tr. cluster into next sp.; rep. from *, ending with 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into top of first cluster.

4th Row: 5 d.c. into each 5 ch. loop, 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

First Row of Motifs: Work 24 motifs and sew 3 points of each motif to 3 points of previous motif (3 points free on each side). Sew a colored thread in centre of first and 13th motifs to mark sides.

Second Row of Motifs: Work 24 motifs and sew together at 3 points, then sew 5 points of each motif between 2 motifs of previous row (see close-up). When joining first and last motifs, 12th and 13th motifs, sew 4 points together instead of 3.

Third Row of Motifs: Work 22 motifs, joining first and last motifs at 2 points and 4 points of each to first and last motifs on 2nd row.

11th and 12th motifs are joined at 2 points and 4 points to 12th and 13th motifs of previous row.

Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Rows: Work 22 motifs and join.

Seventh Row: Work 24 motifs, joining first motif to 3 centre points of first motif on last row, 2nd and last motifs are joined at 4 points to first motif, 12th, 13th, and 14th motifs are joined in same manner.

Eighth Row: Work 24 motifs, joining first and last motifs at 2 points at sides only, 12th and 13th motifs are joined in same manner.

Ninth Row: Work 26 motifs, joining first and last motifs at 4 points, and then to 4 points of motifs on previous row, 13th

and 14th motifs are joined in same manner.

Tenth Row: Work 26 motifs and join.

YOKE

Commence at neck edge.

First Row: Work 18 motifs. 1st-2nd, 8th-9th-10th-11th, 17th-18th, and 1st motifs are joined at 2 points.

Second Row: Work 24 motifs, joining first and last motifs at 4 points, and then to 4 points of first and last motifs on first row. 2nd-3rd, 10th-11th-12th-13th-14th-15th, 22nd and 23rd motifs are joined at 4 points and at 4 points to motifs on first row.

Third Row: Work 30 motifs. First and last motifs are joined at 4 points, then at 3 points to first and last motifs on second row. 3rd-4th, 12-13th, 18th-19th, 27th and 28th motifs are

joined together in same manner, and at 4 points to motifs on previous row; 15th and 16th motifs are joined to 12th and 13th motifs on 2nd row in same manner as first and last motifs.

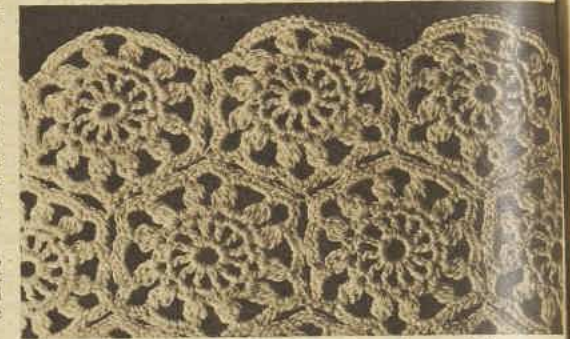
Fourth Row: Work 32 motifs. First and last motifs are joined at 4 points, and then at 4 points to first and last motifs on 3rd row, 16th and 17th motifs are joined in same manner to 15th and 16th motifs on 3rd row.

Fifth Row: Work 36 motifs. First motif is joined between first and last motifs on 4th row in usual manner; 19th motif is joined between 16th and 17th motifs of 4th row; 13th-14th, 16th-17th, 21st-22nd, 34th and 35th motifs are joined at 4 points, but in usual manner to 4th row.

TO MAKE UP

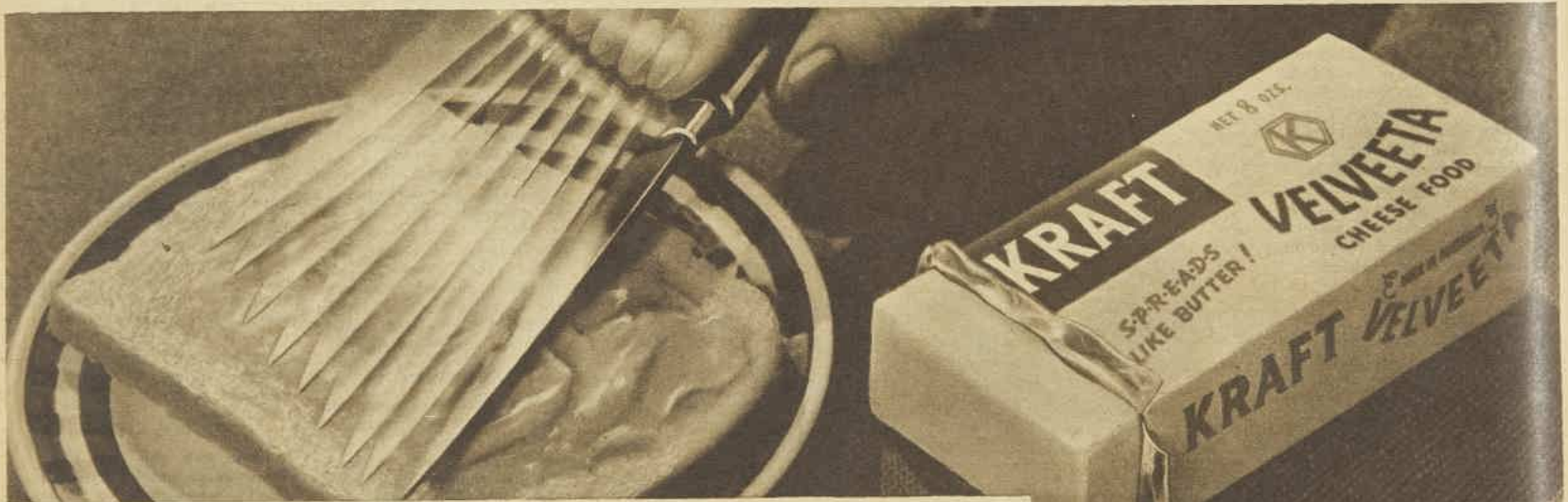
Sew yoke to blouse in usual manner, leaving 7 motifs free to form cap sleeves (9 points at underarm).

Damp and press.



CLOSE-UP of the blouse shows how the medallions are joined together to make this all-over patterned lace. Full easy-to-follow directions for sizes 35 in. to 36 in. are on this page. You can adapt the medallions to make d'oyes.

FASTEST WAY TO MAKE DELICIOUS SANDWICHES



GET THE BREAD ... SEE VELVEETA SPREAD

"Kraft Velveeta spreads like butter — actually saves you butter",

says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.



Speed along your sandwich making — from the morning cut lunch scurry to the party supper flurry — with Kraft Velveeta.

This mild-flavoured cheese food spreads as easily as butter. In fact, you don't need butter when you spread money-saving Velveeta. Rich in protein, vitamins, minerals and milk sugar.

Lunch box favourite

Children love Velveeta spread on their sandwiches from the 8-oz. packet or popped into lunch boxes in the 1-oz. portions.

Remember, too, youngsters who won't drink milk will get all milk's goodness from Velveeta.

P.S. Spread Velveeta on biscuits, it's a treat for your family and friends.

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... for extra variety choose Kraft Spreads — 6 delicious flavours.

Whip up a plate of savouries and sandwiches in seconds. Choose from Cream Cheese Spread, Smokay, Gorgonzola,

Cheddar Cheese Spread, Danish Blue and Sandwich Relish. All in beautiful fluted tumblers — so stock up today.

Cheez Whiz — different from any cheese flavour you've ever tasted. Cheez Whiz — for fast cheese treats. Spread it! Spoon it! Heat it! KR210

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as nice made with

DOUBLE RICH
Carnation

Double-rich Carnation Milk absolutely makes Coffee. It not only adds a smoother, richer, creamier flavour; but also brings out the full, fascinating fragrance of the coffee itself. Whatever your favourite coffee — ground, essence or powder — just remember to use Carnation instead of ordinary milk for the best result. Next coffee-time . . . for the nicest white coffee you've ever tasted — first make it black, then simply add Carnation in the cup — straight from the can and stir. So much easier too — no separate heating — no saucepan to wash. In fact, always use Carnation, the double-rich, better-blending milk for all cooking purposes.



KEN ROSEWALL
International Tennis Star
says,

"Everywhere I go, I see more and more people making their coffee black and creaming it with Carnation."

**CARNATION WILL MAKE YOUR
FAVOURITE BEDTIME DRINK EVEN
NICER — IT'S QUICKER, TOO!**

Whether you drink hot chocolate, cocoa or any of the tonic beverages — if it's made with milk — make it with Carnation and you'll like it better than ever. It's Carnation's double-richness and creamy smoothness that does it.

Carnation MILK
'from Contented Cows'

GET YOUR COPY OF THE NEW CARNATION WINTER COOKBOOK — IT'S FREE!
Simply send your name and address to Mary Blake, Carnation Home Economist, Carnation Milk Company, 252 Swanston Street, Melbourne. You'll receive by return post, a copy of the handy, full-colour recipe book "Winter Surprises with Carnation".





FISH RECIPE WINS £5

The £5 prize in this week's contest for readers is awarded to a tasty recipe for creamed fish in macaroni cases.

THIS is an adaptable dish as well as an agreeable one. If preferred, spaghetti or rice can be substituted for the macaroni in the cases.

Excellent replacements for the creamed fish filling would be curried egg or prawns, savory mince, or creamed asparagus.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CREAMED FISH IN MACARONI CASES

One and a half cups macaroni, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons milk, 2oz. grated cheese, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt.

Fish Filling: One to 1½ cups cooked flaked haddock, cape fillets, or any variety of tinned fish, ½ pint milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, return to heat, add butter, milk, cheese, sauce, and seasonings. Stir until cheese melts and ingredients are well mixed. Place mixture in rounds on serving-dish, using a 3in. pastry-cutter as a guide. Make a depression in centre of each, fill with prepared fish mixture. Serve piping hot, garnished with parsley and lemon wedges.

Filling: Melt butter, stir in flour and salt; cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens; fold in flaked fish.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Moss, 18 Deas Street, Benalla, Vic.

CELEBRATION FLAN

Pastry: Three ounces plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons cold water, squeeze lemon juice.

Filling: One dessertspoon butter, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 small tin sliced peaches, 4oz. marshmallows, ½ cup milk, 2 egg-whites, 1 oz. castor sugar.

Sift flours and salt, rub in shortening. Mix to a dry dough with lemon juice and water. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out to ½in. thickness, line an 8in. tart-plate. Bake in hot oven until cooked. Remove from oven, cool. Prepare filling.

Melt butter, stir in brown sugar, spread over base of pastry-case. Strain syrup from peaches, arrange over base. Melt marshmallows in milk over saucepan of boiling water. Remove from heat, when slightly cooled pour over peaches. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar. Pile on to tart, place in moderate oven until meringue is set. Serve cold with ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Ryan, 15 Drysdale Street, Malvern, Vic.



CREAMED FISH in macaroni cases makes an appetising and substantial dish for weekend luncheons or teas. See prizewinning recipe this page.

FAMILY DISH

AN appetising loaf of lamb's fry and sausage makes this week's family dish, which costs approximately 6/-, serves five.

LIVER AND SAUSAGE LOAF

One lamb's fry or 1lb. liver, ½lb. beef sausages, 2 rashers bacon, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ onion, salt and pepper to taste.

Place lamb's fry or liver in basin of boiling water 2 to 3 minutes. Remove skin, put through mincer. Remove skins from sausages, mix with liver. Add chopped bacon (rind removed), milk, egg, sauces, breadcrumbs, parsley, finely chopped onion, and salt and pepper. Fill into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Pour off excess fat, serve with rich brown gravy.

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Dear Nurse Reid,—Please forward me, under plain wrapper, the Meds booklet, "It's So Much Easier When You Know."

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PV 108.HP

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is on his way to the planet Magna with PRINCESS NARDA: Winner of the Earth-wide beauty contest. On Magna Narda will enter a competition to find the most beautiful woman in the galaxy. Organising the contest is Magnon, emperor of a million

planets. The contest is his way of getting even with the beautiful but conceited Carola, empress of twelve planets, who rejected his proposal of marriage, saying 'that no man was good enough for her. Magnon swore to find a dozen more beautiful females. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





the smartest girls use it!

Here's how to recognise the Tampax user. First, she's intelligent. She realises that far the most sensible way of dealing with "those days" is to use internal sanitary protection. It prevents odour. It does not chafe. It's easy to carry, to use, change and dispose of. It's everything you ever wanted sanitary protection to be... Secondly, she's poised. She's conscious of her clothes, her carriage, her grooming. She likes Tampax because there's nothing to spoil the line of fashionable clothes: she doesn't like belts, pins and pads. She feels strongly that the Tampax way is the daintier way, the more modern way, the most practical way. When millions of smart women use Tampax, why don't you? You can buy it at chemists and stores everywhere. Take your choice of two absorbencies (Regular and Super).

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Please send me a trial package of Tampax in a plain wrapper. I enclose 3/6d. stamp for postage.

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PO.80.

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A product of British-Mylers.

TEENA by Linda Terry



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- They are without a saving grace (12).
- Departs with crackers (7).
- Garden which shows art in the centre (5).
- Animals with a dim core (7).
- Tangle with a double start (5).
- Jones, the famous architect, swallowed a penny and became blue (6).
- Five-and-a-half yards back to a clique in an English county (6).
- Salary possibly for crews (5).
- Related to a lever (7).
- Cleanse by introducing water (5).
- A restful small hawk (7).
- Woman according to Peter's first epistle (6, 6).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Turn about, take in ten, and come in (5).
- Turn a stick to a ruler for a breed of domestic fowl (7).
- So I join her heart to see a merchant of stockings (6).
- Mass of metal to mixed gin (5).
- Vegetables to make sun trip (7).
- Menace a broken heart after tea (6).
- You can't make a trip to Odessa without this seed-vessel (3).
- Rest in a sort of go-between (6).
- Throw into confusion (7).
- Superintend above the jurisdiction of a bishop (7).
- He works below the deck (6).
- Worn-out person or a dilapidated thing (5).
- Is bold enough (5).
- 3ft. 9in. in spelling (3).

Solution will be published next week.

No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous germs which lurk and breed round the hidden "S" bend.

Keep your toilet clean and bright with a little HARPIC every night



HARPIC disinfects and deodorises—as it cleans.

NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.



HARPIC

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

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